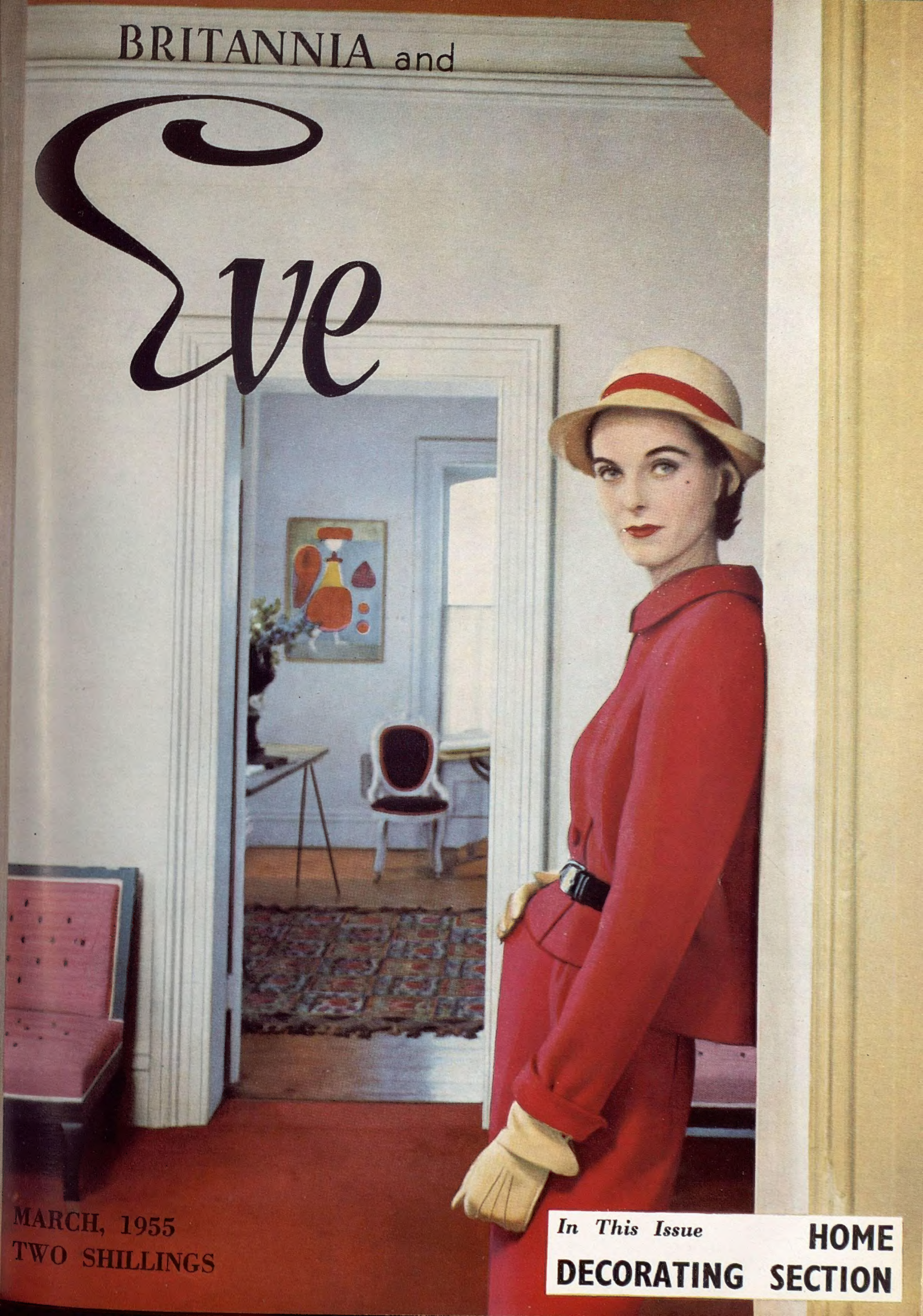
BRITANNIA and

Eve



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BRITANNIA and Eve

MARCH
1955

VOL. 50 NO. 3

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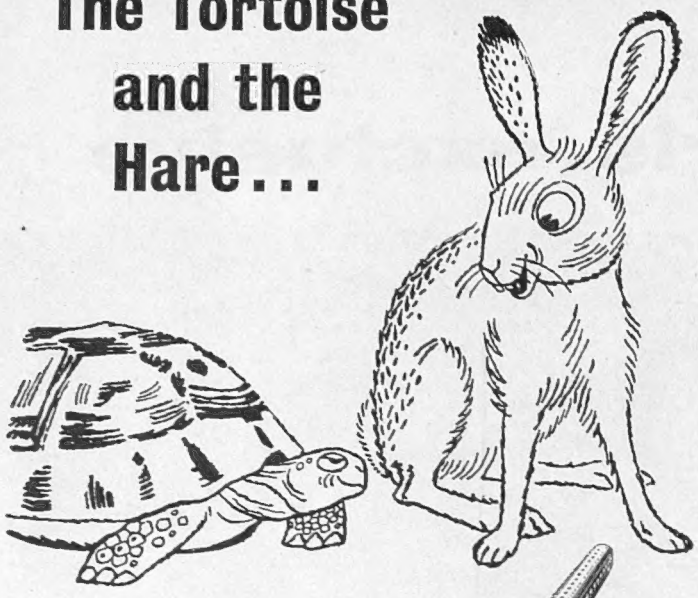
The Tortoise and the Hare...



... decided to race to Paris. "I'll be there first!"
boasted Hare, and off he ran.
But when he arrived in Paris,
Tortoise was already there,
sipping an aperitif.
"Hey!" panted Hare, "How were you so quick?"
Tortoise laughed.
"I caught a
train," he said.
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the moral
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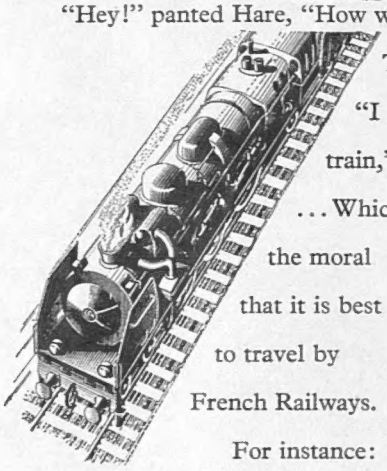

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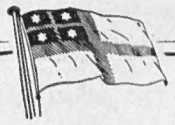

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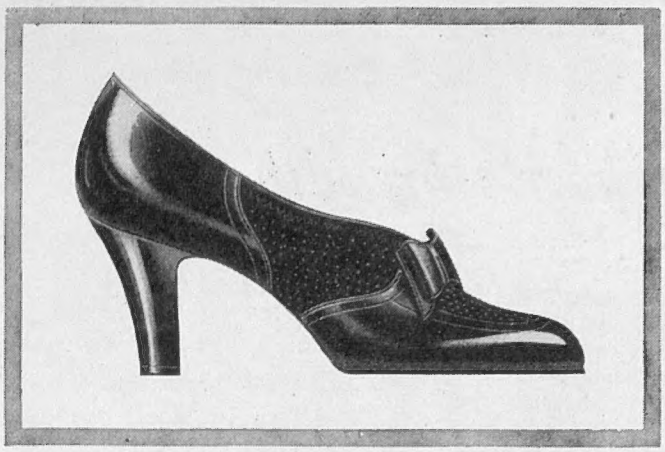

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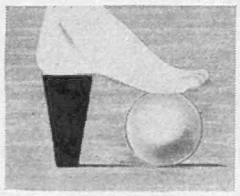

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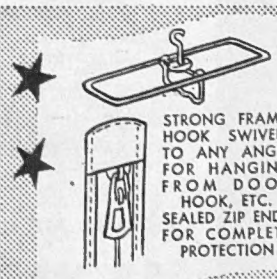

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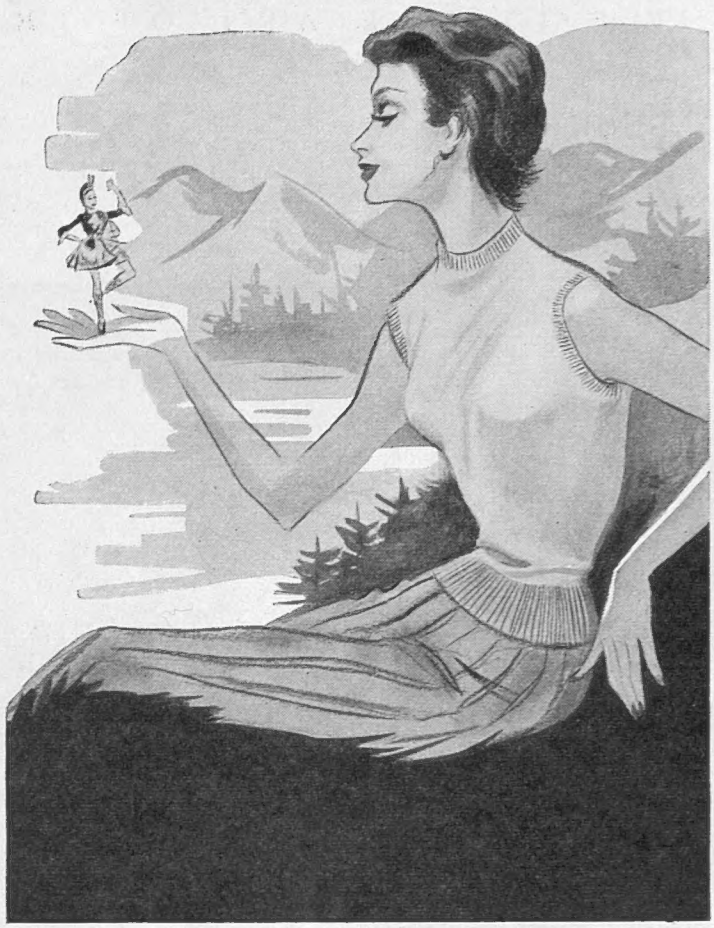

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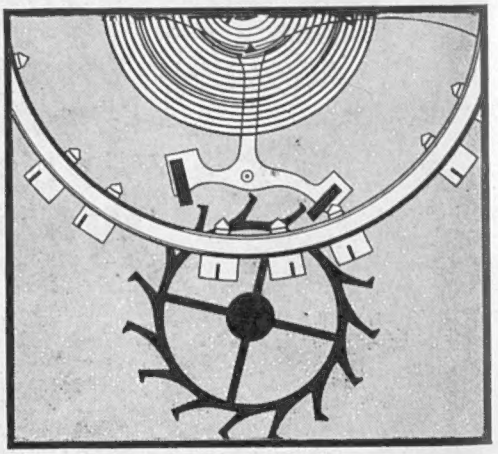

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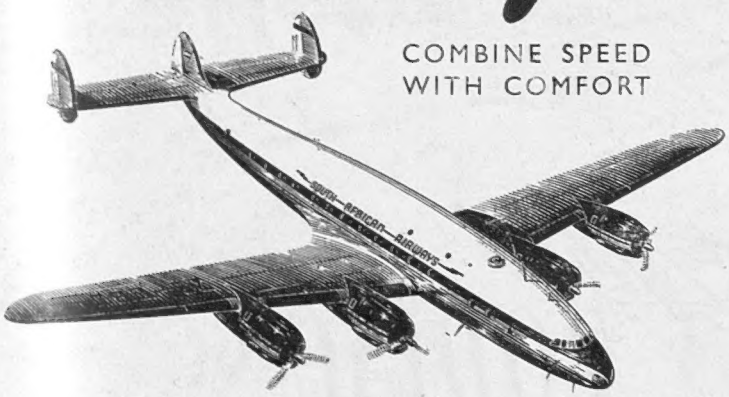

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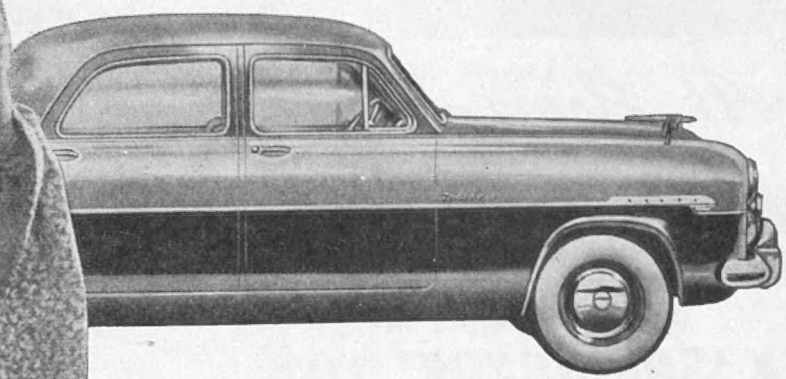

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HOLIDAY'S END

By MARGOT NEVILLE

David was good-looking, clever and her fiancé . . but it was Sam she was meeting

FOR the third time since they had sat down Irene caught the eye of the young man three tables away. Caught it and quickly averted her own. The glance that met hers flashed an interest in her so plainly ! Did hers in him, too ? She leant forward and started to talk animatedly to her father. About the ballet last night—and the fountains at Versailles, where they had been this afternoon—and the visit to the Louvre planned for to-morrow. . . . Paris. Wonderful Paris. All to be crammed into ten brief days, five of them already gone.

Irene was alone with her father at the table, David had gone out to make a telephone call. After much conferring with the head waiter they had ordered dinner. The dancing hadn't yet begun. The orchestra was playing softly . . . a familiar tune . . . what was it ? Sinding's " Rustle of Spring." That was it. The sentimental tune throbbed softly on the air, with the stirring of the violins like the stirring of the first leaves unfolding and the whirr of wings as they rise . . .

Little shivers of ecstatic pleasure ran over Irene's skin. Unbearably sweet, the violins shook and throbbed, rose and

Illustrations by PAT KENDRICK

Irene pulled up short. "You!" she said. Sam Russell was standing bare-headed, waiting under the plane trees

fell. All of early spring was in the music, the restlessness, the poignancy. How nostalgic it was, how it plucked at the heart! . . .

Then, suddenly amused at her own over-response to the rather hackneyed tune, she called herself back from its absurd enchantment and glanced about her again, carefully avoiding the table three tables away.

But you don't have to look to see.

Out of the corner of her eye she was aware that the young man over there had left his two dinner companions, was skirting the edge of the dance floor and coming towards their table, was standing by her father's chair, was saying:

"How do you do, Mr. Massingham? I wonder if you 'll remember me?"

Mr. Massingham leant back and looked up at the stranger. Only a moment for recollection. Then he put out a welcoming hand. "Why, of course I do. Hullo, Sam, how are you?"

"Very well, thanks. Nice of you not to have forgotten me. It must be seven or eight years."

"All of that. You were just going up to the university, I seem to remember. This is my daughter Irene."

Now their eyes could meet unchecked, a smile in hers, a hint of conspiracy in his.

He turned back to her father and they talked for a few minutes about this and that, subjects that elderly people choose and young ones politely connive at: how were his mother's sisters and did they still live at Passy; and his father, how was he, and so on, and etc.

Irene didn't hear a word of it. Instead, from under her long lashes she was noticing everything about the tall young man—Sam, her father had called him—his grey eyes, his odd, crooked smile, the longish nose and straight, fair brown hair.

She was more than half-sure, too, that *he* wasn't giving his whole mind to his Aunt Claire's asthma, and she was thankful that she hadn't hesitated for more than a moment the day they arrived over this far too expensive dance frock, so obviously Parisian, black, with just a scatter of rhinestones on the bodice.

In a minute, all the polite preliminaries being disposed of, the young man turned to her.

"Would you care to dance this?"

The orchestra had started to play dance music.

Irene wished she hadn't got up quite so quickly. They came together, his arm went round her, and they moved out on to the dance floor with the first few couples. For

quite a while they didn't speak but just moved together in the fictitious oneness of the dance.

THIS holiday in Paris—Irene and her father had looked forward to it for the best part of a year, pondered the cost, the month, where to stay. At last they had made up their minds, arranging for it to coincide with the scientific congress that David Foster was to attend in France. They had taken rooms in a small hotel on the Left Bank, and each day of the five gone had been the usual tourist round of picture galleries, museums, cafés and theatres.

Distant only one air-borne hour, the Thames village where they lived now seemed a world away, its quiet and the unchangefulness of their lives. Just she and her father since her mother had died five years ago. Irene kept house with skill and economy, shopped, cooked well, entertained her father's elderly, bookish friends . . .

At twenty-four Irene had begun to be a shade grave and bookish herself. Her long, hazel eyes often had an inward look as she got off the bus with her basket and turned into the quiet road, the road trodden so often. Her slender figure wore its country clothes indifferently. Familiar places and people demand little effort of you.

It was at a tennis afternoon six months ago that she had met David Foster, and quite soon after he had asked her to marry him. How gladly she had accepted! Their wedding was planned for September. David was good-looking, clever, a brilliant research chemist in the big scientific works that had recently opened up a few miles outside the town. Yes, marriage with David would be good, safe and successful. And she loved him. . . .

STILL she and Sam danced without speaking. Then, feeling the silence had lasted long enough, Irene said: "Do tell me—my father didn't make it clear—are you French?"

"Half and half. My mother was French, from Normandy."

"Oh, Normandy? That 's almost the same."

"Almost as good, you mean—you insular Britisher!"

"Perhaps I did. Do you live there?"

"For most of the year. What would you say if I told you I was a farmer?"

"Smile sceptically."

"I am, though"; and he told her about his old home in

Out of the corner of her eye she was aware that the young man was coming towards them

Normandy, half-farm, half-manor house.

As Irene listened the Parisian restaurant faded out. She saw with startling vividness the place as he described it, its dovecote, its fish ponds, the flushed snow of its apple orchards in the spring. . . . It was all too vivid! I 'm really far too impressionable to-night, she thought.

He ended: "I 'm going to ask your father to let me drive you both down to see it while you 're here."

She shook her head slowly. "I doubt if that 'll be possible."

"Everything 's possible."

"What sublime confidence!"

"Bought with experience." He held her off and the grey eyes looked quizzically into hers, that glance that had so intrigued her when it met hers across the room. There was humour in it as well as admiration, a glance that seemed to say, "I know you better than you know yourself!"

Just a trifle flustered by it now, Irene said quickly: "So it seems your father and mine are quite ancient friends?"

"That 's so. Mine lives in England, but they haven't met lately, I gather."

"Another thing he didn't say—your name."

"Oh, that? Russell."

"Any relation to the Rustle of Spring?"

"Closely connected"; and they laughed at her silly little pun.

But it was truer than he knew! she thought. Something of the same unaccountable excitement was in this dance with him . . . a heightening of the senses . . . a kind of thrill . . . something new and yet always wished for, although the wish had been, perhaps unconsciously, thrust down, denied its secret voice.

Again words dropped away, while the muted saxophone sighed and seemed to speak for them.

She saw David rejoin her father, saw him catch sight of her, his look of surprise. The dance ended. She and Sam went back to the table, and after a little more chat, another introduction, he left them.

THE sun shone with all-hoped-for brilliance next morning. Irene came out of the hotel and crossed the pavement. Then she pulled up short. "You!" she said.

Sam Russell was standing bareheaded under the plane trees, having all the air of one arrived first at an arranged meeting-place. He came forward expectantly. "What 's so surprising about that?"

"You said you were going back home to-day."

"I *said* I was."

"Well?"

"Well, here I am. And here at last are you."

(*Continued on page* 69)

He linked his arm loosely through hers—"Just a bad foreign habit," he told her

Need like meet like to make a happy marriage? A man's view of the controversy which never ends

By

DAVID ASPINALL

Quite Contrary

DIVORCES have cropped up in our immediate circle with alarming frequency of late. Disaster has caught up with marriages that seemed well established and some that have hardly had time to prove themselves—or so it seems. As Liz said about the latest one, "What baffles me is that they seemed to have so much in common!"

I was pondering this truth and naturally, perhaps, fell to thinking of our own marriage: Liz's and mine. We seem to hit it off mallet and nail, neither suffering from Wandering Eye, yet we have nothing in common whatsoever. Definitely unlike to unlike.

My politics lean Left at about the angle of the Tower of Pisa, my wife's are dead Right at an angle of 45 degs. Ashamedly an armchair politician, I bark hard for the underdog, but Liz is a social snob and makes no effort to hide it. A man can be a rogue as long as he calls Bromley Brumley and has two vents to his jacket. She would lap up an earl like cream if she ever met one. As for television's Lady B.'s she adores the lot and copies their necklines assiduously.

At news time in the cinema she 'll clap "gentlemen" playing cricket though never so badly, but firmly shuts her eyes when Sheffield Wednesday plays Huddersfield. She dislikes the cheering spectators' caps.

Naturally we speak at times over all this, but we walk hand in hand to the polling booth to vote.

We both read a lot. Personally I enjoy a tattered old Jacobs or a close-typed pictureless Conrad, no matter what the condition of the cover. But not my wife. She reads a book a week after The Critics or the Sunday papers have reviewed it. She even *buys* the things (a curl of the nose and "You never know who 's been handling them" to common or garden library books). As might be expected, autobiographies for her gain merit if they are by socialites, ex-Imperial duchesses or titles of some sort. The private lives of taxi-drivers, coalminers and waiters—fascinating to me—she will have none of.

We can't even agree over films. It is not unknown for one of us to leave the other in the middle with an empty seat for company. My taste (*Continued on page* 70)

"The countenance moves in faithful image of personal human experience"

What's in a

By GWEN PARRY

It is "a book where man may read strange matters" and in the reading, judge of character

"One must learn to distinguish between what is permanent and a part of character and what is momentary and merely accidental"

LADY MACBETH, in the words of the poet Shakespeare, spoke to her husband :

" Your face, my Thane, is as a book,
where man
May read strange matters."

Faces ; faces everywhere . . . living faces ; photographs, pictures, films, drawings ; they abound with such variety and intensity in an already overcrowded living that one seldom has time to pause to consider the meaning which lies behind the contours that make up these many faces.

Physiognomy, an age-old science for reading the mind and character from the face, is a neglected art in twentieth-century hustle and bustle. The most fascinating study of mankind is always mankind, and the practice of a precise observation will teach one much about oneself and others and serve as a stimulating activity at any time or in any place. One must learn to distinguish between what is permanent and a part of character and what is momentary and accidental ; then the truth of the phrase, " You can tell by the look on her face . . .", will take on a valuable meaning and add to the sum total of human happiness and responsibility.

Do the inner qualities of a person's mind make or mar the features ? Do human beings in the passage of time from childhood to maturity determine their own expressions by the thoughts and actions which constitute character ? *(Continued on page 72)*

"To know others one must first know oneself"

" YOU can tell by the look on her face "—just what is the true interpretation of this well-known phrase ? The following tables show the general qualities associated with different types of face and feature . . .

FACES

Square	Sound judgment ; stubborn firmness ; good understanding and common sense.
Oval	Imaginative intellect ; eloquence ; flexibility.
Oblong	Melancholy ; weakness.
Very round	Sensuous.
Very defined jawbones	Great will and energy.

FOREHEADS

High	Comprehension with little activity.
Short (if not too short)	Concentration ; firmness.
Curved (at the top)	Gentleness ; flexibility.
Square (at the top)	Determination ; perseverance ; sternness.
Flat (from eyebrows to hair)	Deficient understanding.
Upright (gentle arch to hair)	Cold ; calm ; deep thinking.
Projecting	Immaturity ; weakness.
Retreating (if not too much)	Imagination ; wit.
Lofty, broad and arched	Poetic.
Sharp projecting eyebones	Wisdom ; understanding.
Perpendicular wrinkles (if natural to the forehead)	Power of application.
Horizontal wrinkles	Want of application.
Perpendicular deep indentings (between the eyebrows)	Understanding ; free and noble mind.

FACE?

FOREHEAD ... slightly retreating, curved top : denotes wit and flexibility
EYES...with tendency to green : fire and courage
NOSE...arched near forehead : energy, power of command. Large nostrils : indicates mental energy
FACE...oval : intellect, eloquence, flexibility
UPPER LIP...hollowed at centre : witty, lively
MOUTH ... fleshy, red, lower lip slightly protruding : sensual. Calm, well-marked : judgment
CHIN...soft, plump : love of good living

Princess Lieven (from the portrait in the Tate Gallery)

EYES

Quick and bright	Minds active and acute.
"Black" or brown	Strength of intellect and thought ; but with some obstinacy.
Blue	Strength ; but with flexibility.
Green (tendency to)	Fire ; courage.
Open (making a right-angle with the nose)	Acute understanding.
White (under the pupil)	Timid and undetermined ; but if accompanied by thick, strong eyebrows—then courageous and determined.
Large and prominent	Tendency to greed.
Small, sharp	Cunning.

THE NOSE

Arched (near the forehead, *not* aquiline)	Power of command ; energy.
Hooked (aquiline, from Aquila, an eagle, being arched from top to tip)	Ambition ; sometimes unscrupulous.
Grecian (a straight line from top to tip, beautiful in women)	Coldness ; affectation ; and, in man, shallowness of mind.
Small	Weakness ; non-creative.
Small (with upturned tip)	Bustling ; conceit ; self-assurance ; talkative.
Snub	Amiability ; good humour ; common sense.
Broad bridge	Great powers.
Large nostrils	Mental energy.
Small nostrils	Lack of enterprise

THE MOUTH

Firm	Courage ; fortitude.
Calm, well-marked	Thought ; judgment.
Weak, loose	Weakness ; changeability.
Large, well-defined (slightly up-curved at corners)	Fondness for pleasure ; but neither mean nor deceitful.
Medium-sized, soft and full (well curved)	Poetic.
Large, thin, indrawn	Cold ; intellectual.
Fleshy red lips (the lower slightly protruding)	Sensual ; indolent.
Short upper lip (hollowed at centre)	Witty ; lively.
Mild, overhanging upper lip	Goodness.
Projecting medium-size lower lip	Good nature ; passive rather than active.
Raised lower lip pressed against upper lip (in repose)	Scornful.

CHIN

Projecting	Harsh strength ; obstinate firmness.
Retreating	Tendency to weakness.
Pointed	Acuteness, sometimes with cunning.
Soft, plump, double	Love of good living.
Angular	Judgment ; firmness.
Flat	Coldness.
Round, dimpled	Goodness.
Small	Fearful.
Sharp indentings (in middle)	Understanding.

ELIZABETH HAY

continuing her home and garden diary looks forward to March as the most joyful month in the garden

Elizabeth and her Surrey Garden

I THINK of March as the month when my garden gives me great joy. Clearing up, digging, planting and planning in the autumn are satisfying, but March has such promise! The early sun has a delicious warmth in it, the whole garden seems to teem with life and there are exciting patches of bright colour: fresh young greens, bursting buds and singing birds. Even the grass begins to look as if it will soon need cutting.

Days lengthen and young Susan and I begin to turn over our packets of seeds and decide where we will put them.

We have already sown seeds in the greenhouse—antirrhinums—my favourites—and the Majestic strains are by far the best, Petunias, East Lothian stocks and gazanias are all ready now to be pricked out.

It is a fascinating job, especially on a cold spring day, to shelter in the greenhouse, perched on a stool, handling delicate seedlings with brittle roots, setting them out in straight rows like soldiers in the seed boxes and to picture their flaring colours all over the garden in June and July.

Little Susan's garden thrives mainly on annuals; she can sow these by herself; half-a-dozen strawberry plants, half-a-dozen gladioli and a few lettuces and mustard-and-cress make up her garden. But it is the strawberries that interest her most. She even begs a cloche or two to bring them on and protect them from the birds. Susan gets as much pleasure from a handful of her own strawberries as from a plateful of any we have grown.

Arranging flowers is one of my great pleasures and so we grow a lot of gladioli in our herbaceous borders and also in the vegetable garden, because they are so good for cutting. I usually do the planting of these, beginning in March and continuing at three-weekly intervals up to the end of May. By this means cutting starts in July and continues to the end of October. They are the only type of bulbous plant whose date of flowering corresponds with the date of planting.

(*Continued on page 72*)

The Eloquence of Major Peppitt

By JOHN CRILLEY

Illustrations by WETHERBEE

IT came as no surprise to Major Jonas Peppitt, as he finished Sunday afternoon lunch, to have his housekeeper interrupt with the announcement that a young man by the name of Willie Slowey begged an immediate interview on a "matter of life and death."

Ever since the major had come to Killymore Clarence the residents had grown to regard him as one in whom they could confide their troubles and always it was this same "matter of life and death."

When the major had decided to retire after thirty glorious years in His (now Her) Majesty's Royal Engineers, he'd chosen to settle down amid the quiet of the Irish countryside. The larger cities didn't appeal to him. But then one day while motoring along the west coast he'd come across the village of Killymore Clarence. Eureka! He motored no farther.

Major Peppitt found himself as attracted to the average Killymore Clarencer as the average Killymore Clarencer found himself attracted to Major Peppitt. His bearing was impressive, his speech dignified, his knowledge enormous and his practicality unbounded. In short, he was in one person everything the citizen of Killymore Clarence wasn't. Small wonder that he came to be regarded as a sort of Father Adviser to the community.

In his housekeeper, plump, widowed Emily Proctor, Major Peppitt prided himself he'd found a gem. Above all else in life Major Peppitt held one thing reverent. Food. He'd sooner starve than allow

Willie, having been told to keep his dirty fingers off the clean tablecloth, lost no time in coming to the point. "Major, I'm in love," he said

Many experiences the major had had, but never one so strange as proposing on another man's behalf

imperfectly cooked food to enter his stomach. And, mind, what you and I might regard as properly cooked, Major Peppitt wouldn't.

He'd his own very strict ideas about the preparations of meals. That was why he'd experimented with several before latching on to Mrs. Proctor. And having latched on to her, Major Peppitt was in no hurry to latch off of her again.

The housekeeper now advised she'd throw a pan of scalding water over Willie Slowey if the major wanted her to.

"No, no, no, no, no, Mrs. Proctor," the major objected hastily. "That won't be necessary. Uh . . . have Willie come in."

Willie, after he'd been admonished by Mrs. Proctor to keep his dirty fingers off the clean tablecloth or else, lost no time coming to the point.

"Major, I'm in love."

"An excellent thing to be in, Willie," the major replied.

"With a girl."

"Well, I should certainly hope it wouldn't be with anyone else," the major said, and laughed at his own wit.

"Eh?"

"Nothing. Continue."

"If I can't have her I'll throw myself in the river."

"Oh, now, Willie, we mustn't go round——"

"I will. In the spot below the yellow bridge where it's sandy so's I won't hurt myself."

The major reflected. "Under the circumstances, this seems more serious than I thought. What do you wish me to do?"

WILLIE explained. Although he loved the girl, so far he hadn't found enough courage to tell her of his love. He believed she knew and he believed from the one or two glances thrown his way that she didn't find him unacceptable. If only he could get up this courage. He was afraid he'd never get it up.

And the trouble was if he waited too long he might lose her altogether seeing she was very pretty and sort of run after by the fellows. What he'd come to say was, would the major take on the job of telling the girl of Willie's love and at the same time sort of feel out the question of marriage?

It immediately crossed Major Peppitt's mind that he'd once read how an Englishman before him, in a different age and in a different country, had found himself in the same position. Though, when reading it, it had certainly never occurred to the major that he, too, would one day be asked to intercede. However, history wasn't the problem at the moment. Willie Slowey, and his threat of jumping in the river, was.

Perhaps he didn't mean it and then again perhaps he did. Killymore Clarencers sometimes did odd things. The major daren't take a chance, especially when the solution seemed so simple. He made up his mind. Very well, he informed Willie, the answer was yes.

Having taken the precaution of dispatching an advance note hinting at the purpose of their visit, the major met Willie around eight o'clock the following evening and the two set off. It wasn't far. Too deuced near, in the major's opinion. Already he was regretting his philanthropy. For some reason he had begun to regard himself as a middle-aged busybody.

When they were within sight of their objective
a small boy rose up a short distance away
and went scurrying off as fast as his
little legs would carry him.

"The garrison's chief scout,"
the major grunted to Willie.

"Eh?"

"Nothing."

A minute or so later
the huge hand of
Ambrose Trotty
was crushing
his smaller

"I accept your proposal, Major!" she said simply

They were met by a dishevelled Rosella. "All I did was light the oven and it blew up!" she said

one while the huge voice of Ambrose was bidding Willie and the major to make themselves comfortable. Then, to the accompaniment of various sounds of scuffling interspersed with giggling from the direction of the stairway, Rosella put in an appearance.

Her beauty, the major had to admit, had not been exaggerated. Tall and slender, she had very dark long hair and unusually clear skin. He guessed her age to be around nineteen. At the moment, however, she seemed downcast and it was obvious she'd been crying.

Introductions over, Ambrose withdrew with a pointed flourish. As pointedly, the giggling ceased.

The major, having been carefully coached by Willie in the correct Killymore Clarence procedure, lost no time getting under way.

"Miss Trotty . . . hem . . . I think you understand the delicate nature of my mission."

"I think so, Major Peppitt."

"Good. Hem . . . Miss Trotty."

"Yes, Major Peppitt?"

"You're . . . ah . . . you're a very attractive girl."

"Thank you, Major Peppitt."

"Charming."

"Thank you, Major Peppitt."

"Healthy."

"Thank you, Major Peppitt."

"Modest."

"Thank you, Major Peppitt."

"Pure."

"Thank you, Major Peppitt."

"As well as which my adviser informs me you're a practical and economical housekeeper."

That wasn't exactly how his adviser had informed him, but it would do.

"Thank you, Major Peppitt."

"I now come to the main purpose of my visit."

Rosella lowered her eyes.

"I accept, Major Peppitt."

The major beamed. "Well now, I must say in view of the nature of the. . . ." He stopped. "You do?"

"I accept your proposal, Major."

Major Peppitt gaped. "*My* proposal! But it's not my proposal. It's Willie's here!"

"*What!*"

THE roar came from the inner room into which Ambrose had lately disappeared. Now the door was flung open and Ambrose was once more present.

"Say that again," he directed.

The major obliged.

Ambrose drew a ragged, challenging breath. "Do you mean to stand there and tell me," he demanded, "that all this time, instead of proposin' for yourself, you've been actin' on behalf o' this . . . this parcel o' misfortune?" He indicated Willie scornfully.

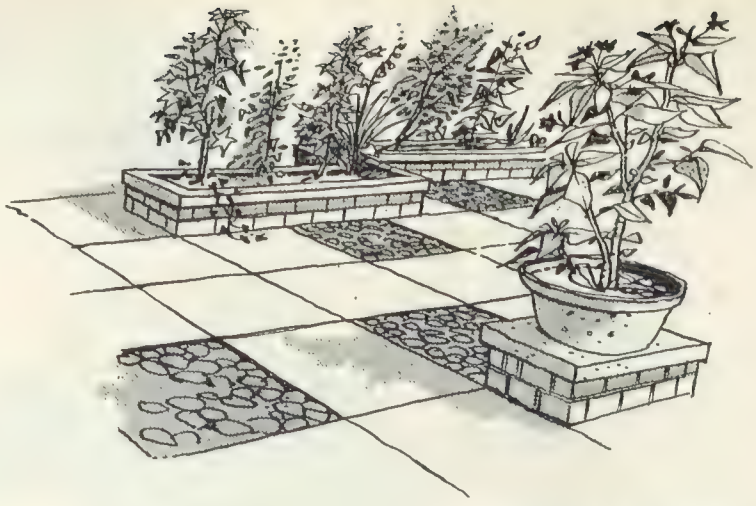
"C-certainly," the major stammered. "Didn't you get my note?"

"The note said nothin' about givin' people false impressions!"

Ambrose snorted violently. Around the community there were lurid rumours of his quick temper. It was said of him that he'd once smote an obstinate calf so hard that the poor animal had forthwith sunk on the ground and expired. His boast that he could lick three men with a hand tied behind his back had never found disprovers. Major Peppitt could hardly be blamed for feeling a little nervous.

"Listen to me," Ambrose bellowed suddenly, shaking his fist. "If you think you can raise the hopes o' all in the house by askin' my daughter's hand (*Continued on page 74*)

Flanking trellis panels and plant features give width to a tall, narrow window



Area with a difference: plants in shallow troughs give colour; square paving pattern is broken by panels of stones set in cement

a HOUSE can have a FACE LIFT

By BRIAN FREESTONE

Illustrations by Carr Linford

BEAUTY is in the eye of the beholder, runs the old saying. It is as true of houses as of people. The most unpromising material can be given a new look if the eye sees the possibilities.

Equally, the house of intrinsically good proportions that has suffered the neglect of the years is ready and waiting for the transforming effect of paint and patience.

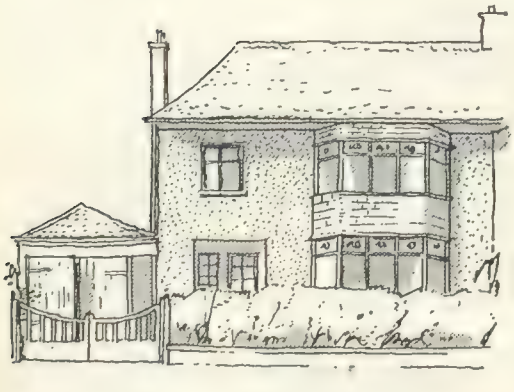
Consider a typical semi-detached house of the type built prewar —double to its neighbour, commonplace in the extreme, with "hooked-on" garage. Our artist has sketched such a house below and opposite some suggestions for lifting it out of the rut.

Here the basically poor proportions are disguised by treating the whole frontal area, including the garage, as a series of squares, bringing in a contrast of dark tone above the front door by the use of horizontally laid weatherboarding. The diminutive garage is masked by a broadening "avenue" framework carrying climbing plants. The whole of the front, apart from the portion above the entrance, is colour-washed in a light tone, the colour being repeated in the garage doors.

The bold contemporary appeal is completed by replacing the dated narrow-paned windows with modern metal-framed ones having large unbroken glass areas for maximum light. Note, too, the abolition of the conventional hedge and gates and replacement by a wide-open approach with gay plants in concrete tubs.

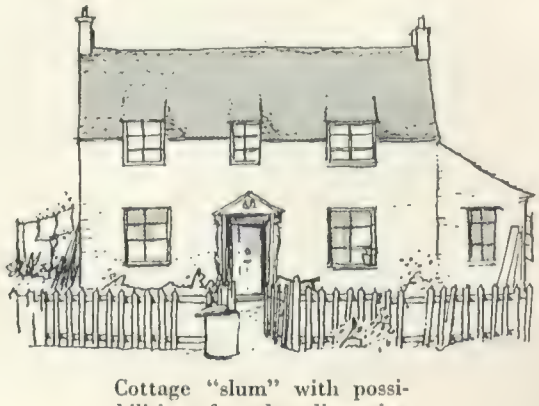
With a tall, narrow terrace house, the proportions are usually good, the results of years of neglect sometimes appalling. Here, the old brickwork is often excellent. Cleaning will reveal the original texture and immediately lift the house from its background of smoky anonymity. In our example, the lower part has had old cracked stucco removed and the front to first-floor level re-rendered to repeat the feeling of the original squared stucco. Window boxes and shutters add gaiety and a sense of width. Old railings at the front are discarded and a "pavement" garden made with plants in a concrete trough.

The country cottage is a different problem. Usually the aim is to recreate an imagined "cottage" interior. Yet many decaying cottages are not ideal for this treatment, (*Continued on page 72*)

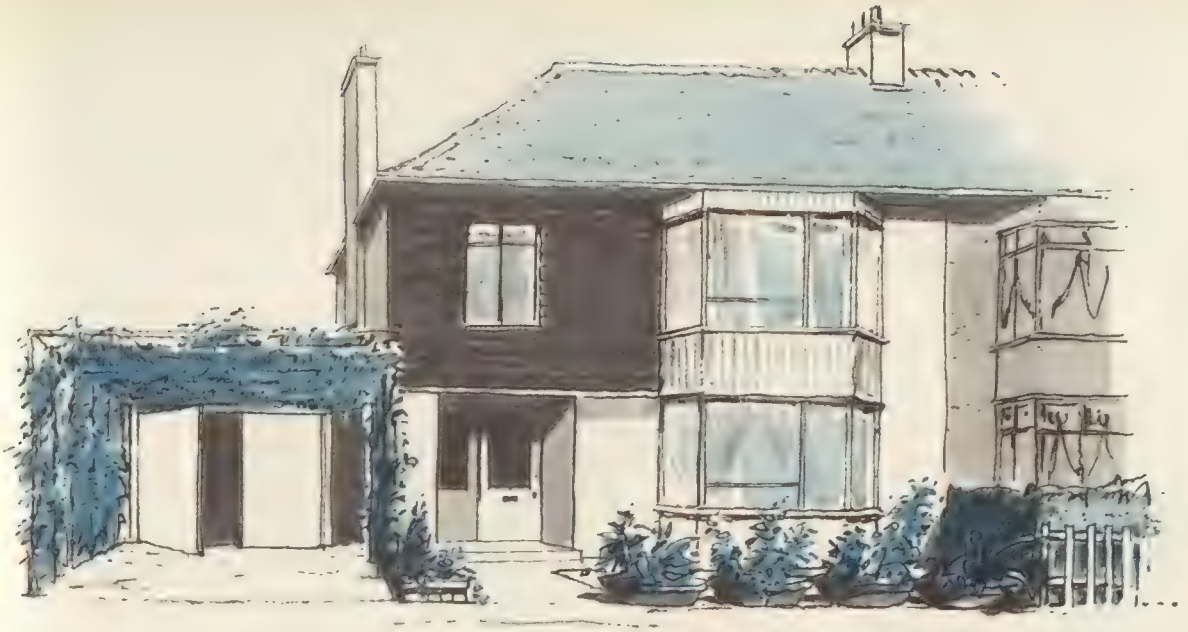


So suburban, so dull—a typical uninspired semi-det.

Classic proportions lost in a street of terrace anonymity

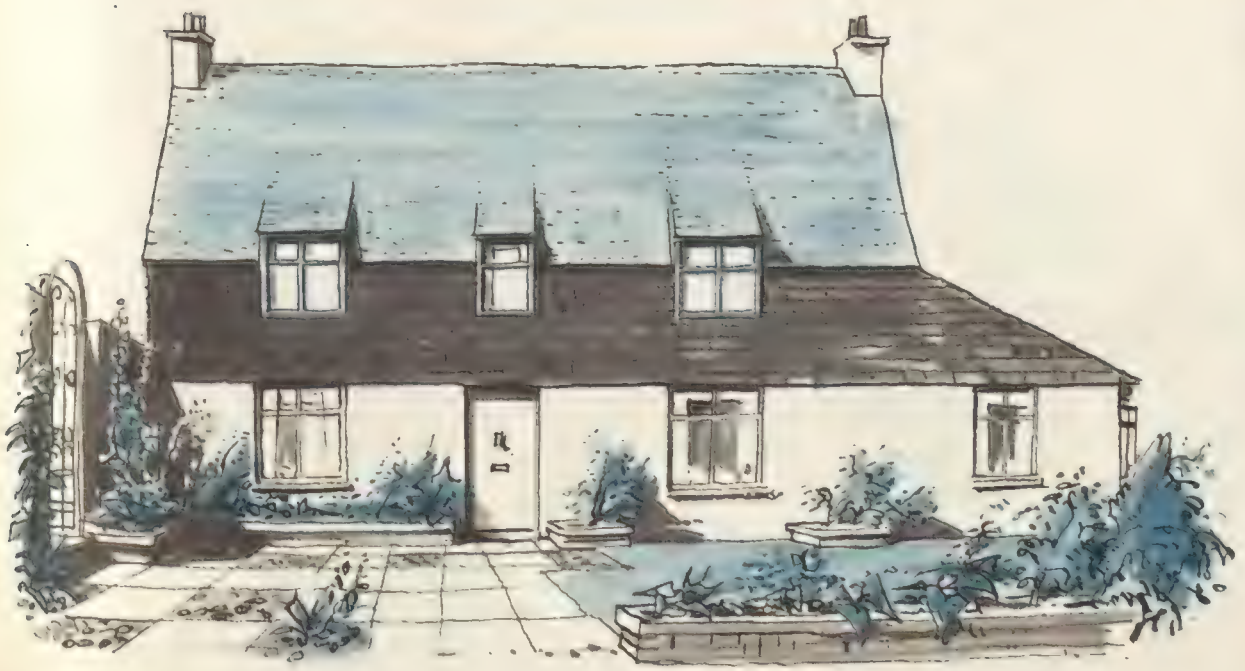


Cottage "slum" with possibilities for the discerning



Clever use of materials and colour transform the awkward proportions of the common-place semi-detached house on the opposite page. *Below:* a delightful façade emerges from smoke-grimed obscurity, with old brick and stucco restored to its original elegance. Window boxes, shutters, painted door and pavement garden complete the picture

Plain and too-conventional, gracious but battered, old and neglected— there are possibilities in every house, a beauty treatment for the most unpromising front—here are some ideas to adapt



Not all country cottages lend themselves to "cottage" restoration in the accepted way. Here, skilful treatment goes a step further to turn a neglected dwelling into a country house. Tile-hung façade gives unbroken length and elegance. The paved courtyard is unusual—and practical when a muddy lane may be the approach to the house

join in

THE SONG OF

Demure check shirt in black-and-white gingham, is actually a dress, which may be worn with or without the black poplin pinafore (this, too, can be worn alone, dressed up with jewellery). Duet dress by Alice Edwards is £6 4s. 6d. complete; or £2 9s. 6d. the blouse, £3 15s. the pinafore. From Peter Robinson, London, Cheltenham and Gloucester. The bonnet of black straw, with a single pink rose, is 6 gns. from Marguerite Mashal: made also in Ascot size

Below, left:

Byronic, scarf-tied shirt: long-sleeved, spring version of the fisherman knit in cotton instead of wool. Ideal for playtime—motoring week-ends; walking or riding in the country; messing about with boats—for it is eminently washable. In heartening colours—yellow, white, coral pink, peacock or tan. By Ian Peters, about 18s. 11d. at D. H. Evans; Fenwicks of Newcastle; Arleys of Bath and Bristol; Dolcis Dolores; Paige; Coyes

Below, right:

Formal town shirt in pure linen Moygashel with striped collar and cuffs; worn, as here, with a slim skirt—smart throughout the day: with a circular skirt in the evening, would give a Gaiety Girl effect—which proves how ubiquitous shirts are. Powder blue, pale cinnamon, duck-egg blue, cherry, lemon, eau-de-nil, pink or white, with matching stripes. By Bernella, about 3 gns. at D. H. Evans; Marshall & Snelgrove, Leicester

THE SHIRT

Not a shirt-waist dress, but the real thing—a cotton shirt, having white collar and linked cuffs. With it, a swirling dirndl set in to wide, elasticised belt. Advantages of separates generally: they adjust themselves to long or short waists: always fit crisply: of these separates in particular—they are covered-up enough to withstand a chilly spring day, yet look forward gaily to summer. Dashing stripes come in tan, green, red, kingfisher, canary, grey or navy on a white ground. By Frederica, £4 11s. 6d. at Bourne & Hollingsworth: Joseph Johnson, Leicester

Here are two dresses with skirts to " take the winds of March with beauty.". Welcome the first burst of sun in Mary Black's fine coral poplin, *centre*, crease-resistant and washable. Choice of twenty-four colours, 6½ gns. at Debenham & Freebody (Dept. 307); Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh. *Left*: perfect style for the new permanently pleated cotton: Guardsman-bodice with stand-up collar, two rows of buttons and saddle stitching. The copious pleated skirt sits smoothly over the hips: after washing, drips dry with pleats in place. Colours: candy pink, acid yellow, cognac, peacock, barge red, emerald, navy and black. By Spectator Sports, in Everglaze cotton, £5 19s. 6d. at Galeries Lafayette; Cornish Silk Co., St. Ives, Cornwall

MAD MARCH DAYS

Spring suit *above* is by *Handmacher*, a name famous in the United States, and soon to be here, as these many-sized suits are now being made in Britain. There is a size for everybody in the range of thirteen fittings. This unlined suit is in fine rayon tweed, the shoulders a gentle tulip outline. About 6 gns. at Marshall & Snelgrove, London ; Affleck & Brown, Manchester

Beautiful, expensive-looking suit, *right*, is made in finest jersey, and surprisingly low in price. By St. Margaret, £4 15s. from Paige Shops all over Britain. Hat by Harvane in close-knit Baku straw, resilient to spring breezes, 8 gns., trimmed contrasting chiffon. Elegant streamlined strollers by Airborne Shoes, in sage, primrose, sea blue, Easter rose or maple tan, £2 19s. 9d. at Englands of Birmingham

Left :

Honey and cream lightweight tweed coat with cuddlesome collar in shaded honey fox : a coat to wrap round or swing open. By Selincourt, 28 gns. (or with lynx collar, 25 gns.) at Marshall & Snelgrove, London and Southport. Reed Crawford's jaunty red hat of melusine and grosgrain, trimmed with a black wing, 5½ gns. Pinkham's black suede fabric gloves with jet design, £1 5s., Penberthy's, Oxford Street, W.1

Though they should have withered in our cold English bedrooms

bedtime briefs have come to stay.

shorties and a toe-length

Sheer nonsense : short nightie, *above*, **in permanently pleated nylon, which can now be bought by the yard and holds exciting possibilities.** *Right :* **Take the same pattern, cut it out, lengthened, in cotton voile, gather on bishop sleeves, and you have the longer story**

Illustrations by

JOAN PACE

To make up the basic pattern sketched on the opposite page, you will need 3 yards of 36-in. waffle cotton, or other suitable lingerie material. Cut out the pattern in paper, following the measurements given in the diagram. Fold over the material lengthwise, to a depth of 33 ins., and placing the highest point of the shoulder line to the fold of the material, cut out the back and front, both alike. Sew the shoulder seams and the side seams up to within 10 ins. of the shoulder seam to make the armhole. Cut ¾-in. bias strips from the material taken out from the curve of the neck, and bind the neckline, gathering the fullness into the centre 6 ins. of back and front. Bind the armholes and bind or neatly hem the lower edge. Add a ribbon bow to the shoulders and centre front.

For the shorties, cut out a pattern in paper following the dimensions given in the diagram. Cut twice from the remaining material. French seam the two centre back edges and then the two centre front edges. Sew the leg seams, finely hem the leg edges and hem the top to take elastic. Cut a ¾-in. strip on the straight of the material and sew on the right side of the panties 1 in. from the leg edge to take elastic. Thread waist and legs with elastic, and finish off with ribbon bows on the outside of each leg.

For the pleated nylon version of the shortie set you will need 2 yards of pleated nylon for the top and 1¼ yards of plain 36-in. nylon for the panties in a matching colour. Making up is exactly the same as for the waffle cotton version, with one or two minor adaptations due to the difference in material. Fold the pleated nylon from selvedge to selvedge so that the pleats run down from shoulder to hem (pleated nylon is usually pleated *across* the material). Flatten out the pleats to sew the shoulder seams, and instead of gathering the fullness at the centre back and front of the neck, bind the neck with the pleats flat. Use the plain nylon or bias binding for the neck edge and use the pleated nylon cut from the neck to make a pleated edging for the pantie legs. (*Continued on page* 84)

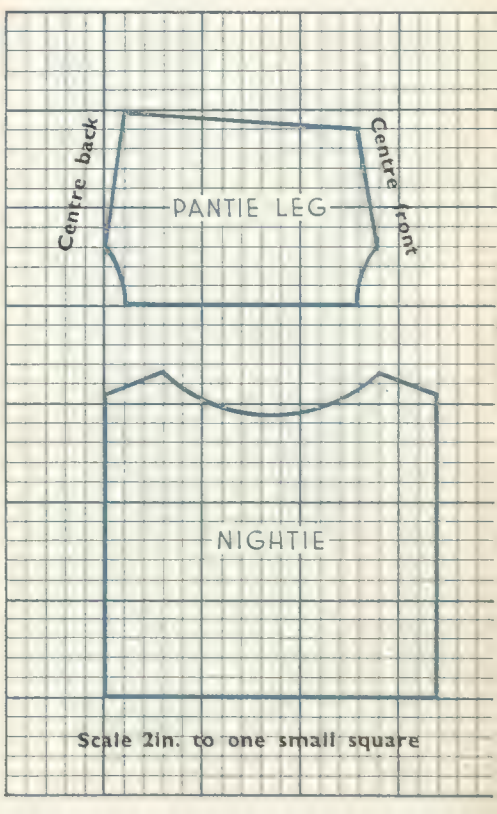
like tropical flowers—

One pattern makes two

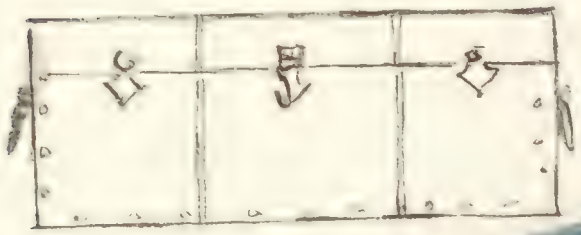
alternative...

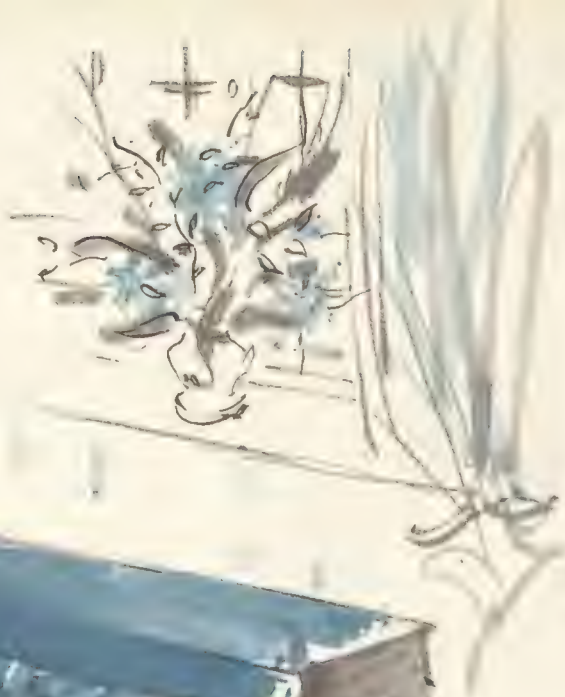
...The LONG and the SHORT of it...

Waffle cotton, polka-dotted or striped, will make these brief briefs—fashion's latest fad must not be adapted : if you have it at all it must be *really* short—scarcely at knicker-covering length. All very fine if you are young, slim, and have good legs, but if you are lacking in these, remember—the leg still looks better in entirety than when it is cut off above the knee

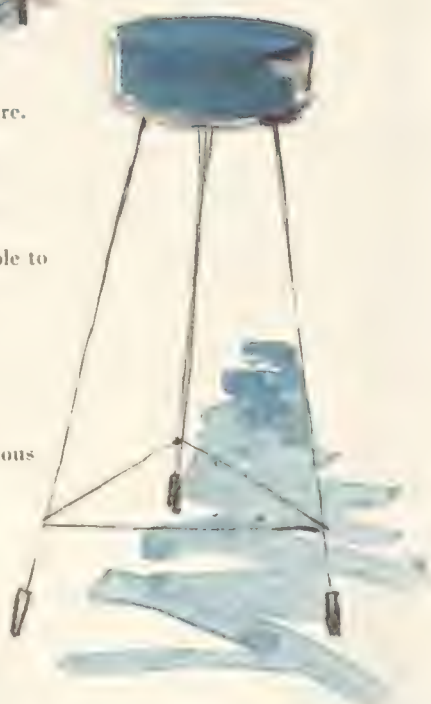


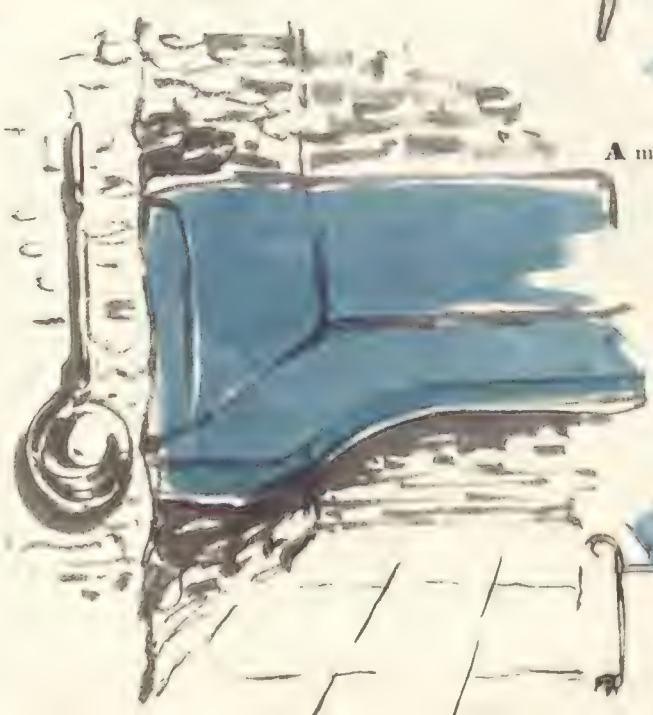
A uniform case or trunk can be converted into an upholstered window seat using latex foam rubber. Foam rubber, manufactured in standard sizes, can, if necessary, be cut to fit using the method described opposite. A piped and frilled cover is made on the usual loose-cover principles





Latex foam is ideal for upholstering hard wood furniture. A breakfast bar stool, a Windsor chair, a barrel seat, are all made the more attractive and comfortable with this type of upholstery. Where it is possible to make use of standard mouldings, the job can be tackled by amateurs ; cutting special shapes from standards moulds is for the more ambitious

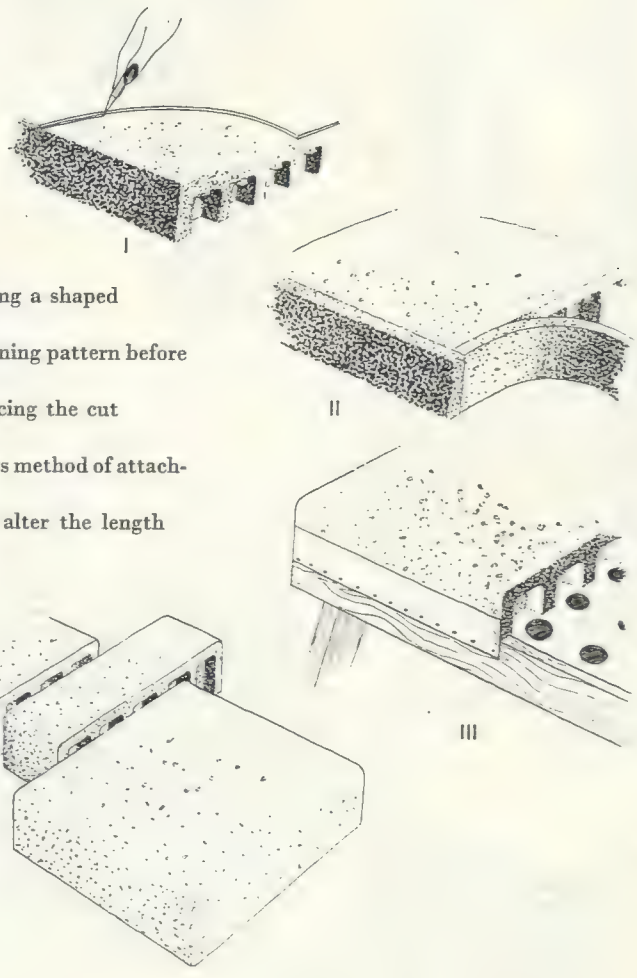




A more elaborate design, such as this shaped corner fitment, may be outside the scope of the " do it yourself " enthusiast, but individual schemes can always be carried out by professional upholsterers

A new entry into the Do It Yourself class . . . upholstery, using latex foam rubber mouldings. Take any whitewood chair or home-made corner seat and with latex foam rubber . . .

Soft Cushion it



Two stages in making a shaped cushion, (I) outlining pattern before cutting, (II) reinforcing the cut edge. (III) Shows method of attachment, (IV) how to alter the length

LATEX foam rubber is a comparatively simple material to handle and ideal if you want to tackle a modest upholstery job for yourself. If you are fortunate enough to find latex foam rubber mouldings to the exact shape and size required, attaching it in position presents few difficulties. This is done with strips of cotton tape or calico 2 to 2½ inches wide. The tape is stuck to the latex foam about 1 inch from the lower edge of the cushion, then the free edge of the tape is tacked to the base or frame (see Diag. III). There are a number of suitable adhesives on the market, a self-vulcanizing solution being best.

Although latex foam can be used on springs and webbing bases, its great value for amateur use is that it is a good material for upholstering solid surfaces such as wood, plywood or hardboard. The one important point to remember when putting this type of upholstery on a solid base, is that it must be ventilated to give a free passage of air to the rubber. Holes in the base ½ in. in diameter under each cavity in the latex foam should be sufficient.

Where a latex rubber foam moulding of exactly the right size and dimensions is not obtainable, the shape will have to be made up out of standard squares, a rather more difficult operation, but not impossible. The edges of the cushion should be firm, so it is best, wherever possible, to preserve the moulded sides and corners. Therefore if, say, the bench you are upholstering is a few inches longer than the standard length of latex foam you have been able to buy, the extra few inches are NOT added on the end, but inserted in the centre (see Diag. IV). The same principle applies, of course, to shortening one or two sections, the required amount being cut from the centre of the section, not from the end, where the cut would leave the cavities exposed and consequently give a weak edge. The sections are joined by sticking the cut edges together with adhesive, the join, if necessary, being covered with a strip of cotton tape or calico.

Sometimes it will be impossible to preserve the moulded edge, as for instance, if you wish to cut a round or shaped chair seat from a square. In this case, the edge is reinforced with a strip of three quarter inch latex foam sheeting cut the depth of the cushion and stuck firmly to the edge (see Diag. II). If latex foam strips of suitable thickness are not available, strips cut from foam rubber carpet underlay could be used.

Before cutting, make a pattern in strong paper or card of the shape required, lay this on the latex foam and mark round it (see Diag. I). The smooth surface of foam rubber can be marked with a moistened indelible pencil or a ball-point pen, although light pressure must be used or the lines may become distorted. Use sharp scissors for cutting plain sheet latex foam, although care must be taken to avoid a jagged edge. For cutting cavity latex foam, a razor blade is best in inexperienced hands. The job will be easier if the scissors or razor blades are moistened with water.

Covering the latex foam presents no problems to anyone who has made loose cushion covers, as the same principles are involved. If the upholstery fabric is thin or smooth, it might be worthwhile making an undercover which gives a better feel to the final cover, but with heavy or tough fabrics like furnishing tweeds, this may not be necessary.

She took the only pencil in the house from the Toby jug on the mantelpiece and set to work on William's envelope

By

SHEELAGH PARKER

There were Blossom

and Honeysuckle and Cat

and until one summer's

day there was

William, too . . .

Illustrations by CRISP

Juanita Jones

JUANITA JONES was just a simple, country girl with straight fair hair.

She had been christened Juanita because a heifer of that name won a championship for her parents at the local show the year she was born, and that, naturally, gave them a liking for it.

Juanita was a nice girl, but she didn't live with her parents. She said they were unreasonable about the bathroom, and they just said she was unreasonable. Possibly there was something in both points of view.

She lived quite near them, however, in a small country cottage (unmodernized), where she had a cow called Honeysuckle, a pig called Blossom, and a cat called Cat.

Juanita had done nothing to deserve any of these nice things; they were a legacy from an uncle, and all she had to do was to appreciate them.

In the summer she wore mostly jeans and bare legs, and in the winter mostly gumboots and trousers, and in both seasons her sense of appreciation was considerably heightened by the knowledge that the nice boy with whom she had fallen in love lived just down the road in uncomfortable lodgings, and had, so he said, a deep and abiding affection for cows, and pigs, and rural life.

This Juanita believed, because she was just a simple country girl, but she also hoped that he might prefer to take over the cottage complete, with her inside it, because Honeysuckle, and Blossom, and Cat, though charming people, did take up quite a lot of anybody's time.

One summer's day, so early in the afternoon that it wasn't time to feed Blossom, or milk Honeysuckle, and while Cat was still busy stalking and pouncing in the garden; Mr. William Fairbrother—who was the young man in question—strolled down the lane and looked over the hedge and saw Juanita lying in a hammock and reading a glossy magazine.

If he noticed what a charming picture she made in a pink blouse that exactly matched the pink of the may tree to which the hammock was fastened, he didn't say so, and this was particularly disappointing because the magazine had said that he would, and Juanita had paid half a crown for it, and had also gone to considerable trouble to find a blouse that matched the tree.

In point of fact, all he said was, "Hallo! I've come to say goodbye."

"Oh!" said Juanita.

"Have you?" she added in a small voice, and after a rather long and awkward pause in the conversation, "Why?"

"Because I'm going away," William explained.

It was an adequate and manly reason, Juanita thought, and she loved him for it, but as an explanation it lacked something.

"Where are you going?" she asked at last, and she tossed the magazine on to the grass because it was clear that she wouldn't be needing it any longer.

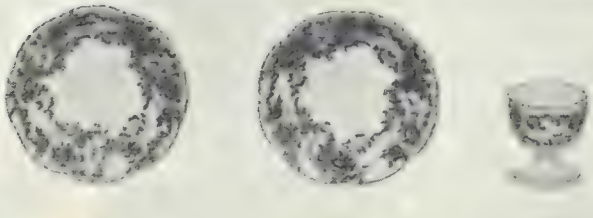
"I'm going to London," William (*Continued on page 78*)

China, glass and the gayest

of accessories elsewhere make

Appointments with *Colour*

Items which challenge your



taste for stimulating detail

Hand-painted pottery, coloured glass, decorated china, the colourful and unusual appointments which lift any table setting out of the ordinary, are elusive quarry. The best of the standard decorated china evades all but the most discerning eye, the pretty and inexpensive imported pieces disappear as quickly as they arrive, but increasingly a search is rewarded . . . this is the result of one tour of likely London sources . . .

ON THE TABLE in the colour picture . . . coffee set from the Wedgwood "Travel" service, at Robinson & Cleaver, Regent Street, W.1; Finnish nursery ware set and dishes from Liberty's, Regent Street, W.1; egg cups and companion saucers in three of seven colours Lawleys, Regent Street, W.1. Ebonized wood table from Woollands of Knightsbridge

ON THE BLUE AND YELLOW RUG . . . a Norwegian rug from Druces of Baker Street, W.1; an umbrella stand or giant waste-paper basket with an archaic Greek warrior design in black on white by Fornasetti of Milan, from Woollands; red nylon umbrella from Harrods; black and white Bavarian china cup, saucer and sugar bowl from Lawleys; revolving soup nest in decorated Danish pottery from Harrods

ON THE CHAIR . . . itself an elegant example of French design from Peter Jones, Sloane Square, S.W.3; hand-painted tiles and yellow bowl with rampant stallion motif, from Liberty's

ON THE RED AND GREY RUG . . . a French branched candelabra from Peter Jones; English bone china tea-set, with saucers which match but do not repeat the sprigged design on the cup, Lawleys; Greek profile bowl, Liberty's

ON THE TRAY . . . a decanter, decorative enough to have no other justification, near-spherical sherry glasses, both from Liberty's. The tray with its special lacquer fabric surface, has six glass mats to match, from Harrods

ON THE FLOOR . . . to the left, decanter and glass set from Liberty's, the hock glass, of Belgian make, also in blue, green, cherry and a Czechoslovakian ruby red sherry glass, both from Harrods. To the right . . . a waste-paper basket from Liberty's; a Fornasetti plate, taken at random from a set of twelve Harlequin figures, Woollands; Doulton's new "April Showers" coffee set, exclusive to Harrods

ON THIS PAGE . . . Wedgwood jugs, in the much loved "Hunting Scene" and the traditional green, next to an Italian hand-painted plate, part of a sandwich set of platter and six plates, both from Wm. Whiteley of Queensway, W.2. Italian raffia and glass cruets from Peter Jones; pussy cat salt and pepper containers from Liberty's; egg cups, each with its diminutive saucer from the "Victorian" suite, Whiteley's; from Betty Hope, 19 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3, giant condiment sets in hand-thrown pottery

Chosen with an eye for intrinsic merit and colour harmony, traditional, peasant and contemporary designs live happily side by side

Photograph by Deighton Wilkes

MADAME is

Fate is hard on the unwary. It is positively spiteful to people who regard

dining alone . . .

HAVE you ever been caught by someone who *matters* with your head in a duster, an off-clean sweater and baggy kneed slacks? Oh, shame and sorrow! You have just arranged a hunk of bread and a tin of something on a tray and carried it into the living-room for one of those solitary evenings with the radio, when the bell peals. . . . No, it *can't* be; but it *is*.

You could push the tray with the naked tin under the sofa, you think wildly; stuff the untidy heap of unironed washing into the same hide-out; but *You*, your face, your sweater, those slacks. No, this is doom and the one man you least hoped to see. There he is on the doorstep, awaiting the poised and charming public *You* and here is the private *You*, miserable, deflated, muttering apologies and calling Heaven to witness that it will never happen again. And yet it does.

Fate is hard on the unwary. It is positively spiteful to people who regard appearances as things to be kept up only when they are sure of being seen. If one adopts this philosophy Fate, like Nemesis, is bound to choose the rainy morning when one has gone to the office in a shabby mackintosh and Farmer Giles boots to send a last minute phone call from the Man of the Moment: "Sorry to rush you, old girl . . . meet me at the Ritz at One."

There are, of course, the diehards who make a point of respecting neither people nor occasions when it comes to clothes. Bless their independence of spirit; they have the courage of their convictions and the happy faculty of rising above the weaknesses of lesser mortals. We applaud them but how many can emulate them?

A woman I know—a bachelor woman—declares that she never eats a meal at home alone without setting the table as if she had visitors. It is true: tins, jam-pots, milk bottles never find their way to her table. She is never caught in baggy kneed slacks or a sweater overdue for the wash because such garments are not encouraged in her wardrobe. For a quiet Sunday in bed Madame chooses a pretty nightie and, with hair sleek and a touch of lipstick, leans back on crisply clean sheets with a tray of inviting eatables on her knees. What if no one drops in? "I don't worry, either way," she says, "I do it for Me!"

Well, some people are figure skaters and some are just skaters; to be a star performer one has to work for it. Take the woman—we all know one—who is never caught out; who is always bandbox fresh at work or parties. It may appear effortless, but don't be deceived. She may have a flair for clothes but such gifts have to be developed.

There is no impatience, no slacking off: fastidiousness becomes a habit, grooming of clothes, shoe-shining, cleaner's bills are as inherent in the daily round as brushing and combing her hair. These are not chores to her. Habit has made a necessity of them and a pleasure to her so that the result is unvarying and not inhumanly exact.

Money *is* important; it is wishful thinking to dream that it is not. Good clothes keep up appearances far longer than cheap ones, good accessories outlast gilt, tin and wire. But it is also true that lavish spending can produce some sorry results when discretion and good taste are absentees.

The secret of never being caught out lies in having no clothes that one is ashamed to be caught in. Be ruthless: get rid of rubbish: discard the things that "might come in." They'll come in all right, but only to let you down. Keep them in bandbox condition or throw them out. Then, when "Madame is Dining Alone," that peal on the doorbell can never be the knell of doom.

"Hoping for one of those solitary evenings . . ."

"There he is on the doorstep, awaiting the charming public You"

appearances as things to be kept up only when they are sure of being seen

The CAR WORLD is our OYSTER!

WOMEN we've made it! We are no longer the Cinderellas of the motoring world. Up to now women have been at a discount in motoring, for it has been the men who have had all the attention—men to whom everything about cars and motoring has been addressed.

Now we think it is time we were brought into the picture, and, with this in mind, we are going to give *you* what you want to know about motoring from the woman's viewpoint.

There is more than a woman's natural bias in this—there is logic, too. Consider for a moment what has been ascertained across the Atlantic: it is estimated that behind ninety-five per cent of all the car sales in America is a woman's voice. It may not be direct but the influence is felt all the same. In our more traditionally minded Britain experts tell me that the figure is already more than sixty-five per cent, and each year it is growing.

Personally, I have always found figures boring, but they do give some sort of picture of what's happening in the motoring world.

In 1939, for instance, one in ten applicants for driving licences was a woman. But now it is a matter of half the 836,000 who applied last year being women. Men still preponderate in the total of more than 8,000,000 driving licences granted each year, but this is only because their numbers were so much larger in the past.

And what a lot of nonsense has been talked about driving, too! That man-made adage about women being "the worst drivers in the world" has been proved by statistics to be completely untrue.

At the head of the largest motoring school in the world (with its eighty branches all over England) is a woman, Miss Denise McCann. Feminine as I found her she told me that she was quite prepared to answer my questions impartially with regard to women and motoring. I asked her if it was true that the majority of women drivers are "a menace on the roads" (haven't you heard that one often enough?)

I thought she would explode. Then taking a grip on herself she answered: "Completely untrue. In our experience of teaching more than 1,000,000 people to drive since the war (of whom nearly fifty per cent are women) we have found that they are just as quick as men to learn and that taken by and large they are more conscientious, particularly in learning and absorbing the highway code."

That is an expert's point of view. For there have been subtle and far-reaching changes in the way we drive. Before the war there were a handful of women with sports-car enthusiasms, and comparatively few more who owned cars of their own—but for the rest of us it was a case of borrowing the male species' car when and where it was convenient.

Now it is different. According to the male instructors in this school we have become "sympathetic," which means that we take a spirited view of the mechanical side. We show as much interest in knowing what makes the wheels go round as men do. If there is a man around you who still doubts our influence in the automobile world today face him with these facts.

Austin Motors, one of the big six in the motoring world, employ a woman consultant. Mrs. Kay Petre was a famous

By GWEN ROBYNS

In 1955 it is women's influence

that dictates the shape of cars

to come—we

are no longer

the Cinderellas of the road

"We have cast our spell over the motor car designers" —comfort, elegance and performance, combined with running economy, are today's watchwords. Cars on this page are Sunbeam, Morris, Vauxhall, Frazer-Nash, Ford, Triumph, Rover, Hillman, Austin Healey and Austin

racing motorist in the old days but this is not the sole reason they employ her. She once studied art and colour schemes. In fact she is now an interior decorator for motor cars. Even more important she knows the colours most likely to appeal to the feminine taste.

She hit on the idea of opalescent white—the colour of a glacier by moonlight—which proved to be a highlight at the last motor show. The paint was made from millions of fish scales painted on the car layer after layer.

Naturally this was only an exhibition colour. For general use they concentrated on subtle blues, the hyacinth or gentian, the new oatmeal and porridge shades and the strange lucid greens like sunshine in a jungle. These are only some of the new colours that women want.

We have cast our spell over the motor car designers, too. Cautious wives, with one eye on the bank balance, will not be fooled. They want maximum performance with comfort—and elegance as well. And their quiet persistence has got them.

The inexpensive family car today is a tribute to them. Just run through the obvious improvements with me that demands from women have inspired.

Take finger tip steering. We said that heavy steering must go. The result : nowadays women drivers can control the new slender wheels at 70 m.p.h. with one finger.

On the maintenance side we've had quite a lot to say. We inspired the portable bumper jack. (*Continued on page 78*)

Picture the Ensemble

By LUCIEN LOWEN

Mounts that point the colouring of the subject and harmonious frames marry pictures to decor

DOES your eye travel with some misgiving around your all too familiar rooms? Perhaps they need a change; not a major alteration but *something*. What?

Try the tonic effect of some pictures, or rather a new presentation of the ones you already have.

If I say pictures, I do not mean oils. Few people possess really good or valuable oil paintings and if they do they probably already have their place of honour and there is nothing to rearrange.

It is the smaller pictorial decorations I have in mind; the colour print, the quaint fashion plate, the water colour, drawing or engraving, all those charming trifles one buys from a "Conquiniste" in Paris whilst strolling along the banks of the Seine; or finds in a dusty pile in an English junk shop. It can be one of those colourful prints of a bird, a tropical fish, a shell or a rose, even an old view of Portsmouth.

These things are in themselves delightful, but it sometimes happens that when hung they are, by reason of their size and delicacy, submerged by their surroundings. They need presenting. But, mounted and framed in such a way as to enhance their pictorial qualities, they become a telling feature of the decorative scheme.

There are no hard and fast rules about mounting and framing drawings and prints. It is very much a matter of personal taste, the character of the room in which they are to hang, as well as its colouring. So here are some suggestions to put you in the way of planning some pretty effects of your own.

First comes the important choice of the right background. A wallpaper with a prominent pattern, period or contemporary, makes the task more difficult. It ties you down from the start, but a plain wall or even a discreet patterned wallpaper allows more freedom to experiment. One of the dark contemporary wallpapers now so popular will take a vivid mount in a contrasting colour if the picture, the mount and the wallpaper form a happy combination of tones. The same applies with pastel-coloured wallpapers, the trio being set in a lower key.

In the selection of the print, individual taste must be the guide. Preference might be for landscapes or botanical prints, to Victorian silhouettes or Regency fashion plates—there is such a wide range in taste from exotic butterflies to national peasant costumes. Choice can be made all through the scale from the pretty to the extravagant—but whatever you choose remember you will have to live with it.

Having chosen the print there is the mount to be settled. The extent to which this can influence the drawing is shown in the examples in colour on the opposite page. For instance, by picking out a secondary colour like the red of the skirt of the Alsatian girl and using the same red for the mount the print takes on a greater vitality. The same applies to the yellow mount of the red-breasted toucan derived from the yellow stripe of the bird's plumage.

YOU may be skilled enough to do your own mounting, but in case you are not, go to a frame maker and discuss the problem with him. Experiment with different shades of mounting board until you find the best.

If you are the fortunate possessor of a drawing by an old master, or a good reproduction, you will naturally not choose a vivid mount. Select a pale grey paper, an ochre or a sandy shade that matches the original drawing paper or the red or brown chalk used by the artist.

The French have an old tradition of mounting old masters in pale blue with gold lines. It goes well with eighteenth-century prints or drawings—but not with everything.

There is no need to frame lesser pictures in an elaborate or costly way. As a matter of fact, a richly carved frame is as out of place as a mink coat over a kitchen apron where the simple print is concerned. A *passe-partout* or a small box frame is much more suitable.

Coloured rules on a grey mount are the most suitable foil to the fine lines of an engraving

Bottom margins must be a little deeper than sides or top

The delicacy of a water-colour landscape demands a cream or white mount with simple wood frame

Pictures need presenting. Mounted and framed to enhance their pictorial qualities, they become telling features of the decorative scheme

Festival *of the* Flowers

Step into a plane at Easter and step out in ninety minutes in the Netherlands' paradise of flowers

By
HILARY GRANT

Photographs by J. Allan Cash

TIRED of the knife-cut of March winds . . . weary of weepy skies? Who isn't? But picture acres of beauty; mile upon mile of flowers. Sniff, in imagination, the perfume of the world's biggest nosegay. How do you feel now?

The coloured coverlet of spring is nearly spread and the Netherlands is making ready for enchanted April which will bring the winter-weary in their thousands to the Keukenhof.

This private estate—it is near Haarlem and not far from Amsterdam—is described as a park but, in fact, it is a flower world. Centred among miles of bulb fields, now about to explode into fabulous colouring, the estate sits like a many coloured jewel lost in a rainbow. In contrast to the precise beauty of the surrounding acres it is a nature reserve. Sylvan, tree-shaded and aglitter with lakes which mirror the pale blue of spring skies, amidst the flashing colours of ten million flowers. At Keukenhof, the bulb industry of Holland has made a trap for spring and, as it were, a shop window for their wares.

MANY people from Holland and thousands of tourists from other parts of the world make the April pilgrimage to Keukenhof there to steep themselves in a scene that might be the very fountainhead of Spring. One can dine beside the lake at an open-air restaurant or, if gardening is a special interest, walk through the great glasshouses where seven hundred varieties of tulips are under scientific cultivation.

Though Keukenhof means "kitchen garden" it has a romantic history: Long ago it was part of the estate of

Sylvan glades in the Keukenhof Gardens brimming with the perfume and the flaming colours of tulips, golden daffodils, paper white narcissi and hyacinth blues

Teylingen Castle, where the beautiful and tragic young Countess Jacoba van Beieren, Countess of Holland and Zeeland, spent many years of exile. Married first to the Dauphin of France, Jean de Touraine, she was widowed at fourteen when her husband was poisoned. A second, diplomatic, marriage to Jan of Brabant, who squandered her fortune and bartered away her lands, ended in divorce. Her third bid for happiness, with Humphrey of Gloucester, brother of the King of England, ended once more in betrayal, leading to a political fracas which brought her to prison whilst still in her teens. But after escape and exile romance came again in the person of Count Frank van Borsselen, Governor of Zeeland, with whom she spent some brief years of happiness, only to die of consumption at thirty-four.

TODAY the kitchen garden of the castle which sheltered the tragic little countess is a fairyland of flowers at Springtime and, one likes to think, a fragrant symbol of the ever-springing hope which made her one of the most memorable characters in Lowlands' history.

A long Easter week-end in this world of flowers holds out enchanting prospects. Amsterdam is only ninety minutes by plane from London and the Little Venice of the Lowlands is in itself a gem of great worth. Buses and trains run all day long from the city to Keukenhof so that one can spend the day among the blossoms and the evenings in a city which brings the Holland of the Old Masters to life.

Last year one of the airlines ran helicopter trips over the bulb fields and the lovely aerial vista of the rainbow countryside proved so popular that maybe they will repeat them this year during the flower festival between April and the end of May.

The national costume of the Netherlands adds its quota of colour to the flowery background

Sally and the hand of fate

Illustrations by COLEMAN

By JOHN NIELD

"ON these occasions," said our Chief, Sir Robert McRabbett, who was making the presentation, "I like to think of us all as a family—as a happy family—as one big happy family."

Pause for emotional response.

The big happy family gazed gloomily back at him.

"Hear, hear," said Sally Graham, suddenly and brightly.

"Hear, hear," said the rest of Postal and Services, following Sally's lead as usual.

As juniors they should have been huddled somewhere round the back, instead they were in the forefront as usual. It is an extraordinary thing but in any photograph of a works function, Postal and Services always seem to be posed beautifully in the front, whilst directors and senior executives form a huddle of heads and parts of heads in the background.

The chief fixed his eyes on her with the gratitude of a wayfarer in the desert sighting an oasis. He delivered the rest of his "few words" point-blank at her. Egged on by Sally and her colleagues they became not such a few "few words," he reminisced, he founded the business over again; the rest of us with work to do, seethed; whilst Miss Graham and friends, to whom any way of spending the time is better than the work they are paid to do, were highly delighted.

"Now," said the chief reluctantly, "it gives me great pleasure to present this cheque——"

An "Oooo," adroitly slipped in by Sally.

"—this handsome cheque——"

A more prolonged "Ooooo" from the others.

"—this very handsome cheque."

With clasped hands they jumped up and down with pretty enthusiasm, and the chief, beaming, nearly handed the cheque to them.

Old Billy Bailey, a lifelong and unenthusiastic member of the Tub Swilling Department, took the envelope, looking as if he'd like to tear it open first and find out what all the "blah" added up to in cash.

He cleared his throat.

"I'd like ter say——" he began and Sir Robert cut in as usual with his:

"Yes, yes; now then, Bailey, make it brief, you know. We've all got to get back and earn a lot of money to make up for it, you know."

"What I'd like ter say," said Bailey, doggedly, "is this 'ere; thanks very much, one and all, and——"

"Jolly good," said the chief, leading the applause and the way back to work.

He sent for me later.

"With the completion of our rebuilding scheme," he boomed at me, "I have arranged through our Public Relations Officer to throw the works open to tours of inspection. We must give the public every opportunity to see the perfect purity of our products. We shall, of course, need a guide,

It was smart of the Chief to choose Sally as official hostess,

if only she had kept to the "script"

one who will combine tact, charm, personality——"

"I'm sure," I said, modestly, "that I'll do my very best."

He snorted.

"I think not," he said. "These parties will be mainly women. It will, of course, be essential to have a guide of their own sex. I await suggestions."

"There's Miss Hammer," I said, doubtfully, "and Miss Blott, and Miss Tonks, and——"

He waved them impatiently away.

"Too old, too old," he said. "Our products are modern, attractively packed, gaily coloured. We require someone to match. Someone with—er—oomph, as it were."

I gazed blandly.

"No ideas, I suppose," he said, "I thought not. By chance at the presentation this morning my eye happened to light on a girl. I don't know her name, but she seemed to combine youth, appeal, extreme loyalty to the firm, keenness on her job, and——"

"Now who would that be," I puzzled. It didn't seem to fit any member of the staff I knew.

"The little redhead, man," he said impatiently. "Surely even you've noticed her."

"Oh, Sally Graham," I said, "she's in Postal and Services. H'm."

"What do you mean—'H'm'," he said.

"Do you think women take kindly to redheads," I said.

"They'll take what they're given and like it," he thundered.

"But the customer," I said. "You know what you say—they're always right."

"Except," he said, crushingly, "when I know what is better for them. Enough. You'd better get her reactions. She'd have to get off by heart details of our various processes. Advertising will get up a 'write-up' for her. Do you think she can do it?"

IT was on the tip of my tongue to say that for a chance of dodging any real work Sally would have learnt the telephone directory by heart. Instead I said she might be persuaded.

"Then go and persuade her," he said and I went and hunted out Sally.

Her reaction was typical.

"Do I get a dress allowance," she said. "I can't take people round in any old thing."

"Twelve exclusive models a year," I said, with a straight face, "Hartnell or Steibel—the chief hasn't decided which yet. Your hair will have to be done each day, of course, but you can have it seen to in the mornings—you won't start until the afternoons, of course—and the chief's putting a car at your disposal for running you about. Then there will be a beautician in constant attendance on you, of course, and——"

Her eyes were getting rounder and rounder and then :

"Oh, you beast," she said, "and I was taking it all in."

"My dear girl," I said, "you're going in the factory. You'll wear a white overall and a cap with every bit of your hair tucked up inside it—if it doesn't catch fire first. I shouldn't be surprised if they didn't wrap you up in Cellophane as well, like the rest of our products."

"It sounds too divine," she said.

"There might be a small extra tucked on to your cheque," I hinted.

"Oh, that's better," she said, cheering up.

ACTUALLY they did do it very well. They sent her to a first-rate designer and he got out a semi-uniform affair, very trim and cheeky-looking, with a saucy little pill-box affair perched on her head. There was a different colour for each day, with shoes to match.

From the first Sally did the job very well; it was just the non-routine stuff that suited her. She went gaily round the place with her crowd of visitors taggling along behind, or gathered in groups whilst her clear young voice rang out bravely explaining all the "whys" and "wherefores" to them. She studied and developed the idea. It was at her suggestion that seats were placed at various strategic points where they could relax.

"It's your feet that give out first," was her slogan. It also (*Continued on page* 80)

"He was so upset I had to forgive him," said Sally

Sherard's view

. . . this month of people he has seen and clothes they have worn and, in particular, of one very small and rather unorthodox "customer"

By MICHAEL SHERARD

SOMETIMES my customers bring exquisite heirloom lace to me to see what use it can be put to. This always sets a special challenge to one's skill, both because of the fashion-drift away from the styles of the period in which it was originally used and because of the point-of-honour tradition that it must not be cut.

Three times since I started my business I recall making what seemed to me a successful use of it. One of the first grand evening dresses we ever made was for the elegant, slim Countess of Airlie. She brought us yard upon yard of 12-inch-wide, centuries-old black lace flouncing. Happily, it was at the time when boned bodices and crinolines were coming back, so we made a tiered dress over black taffeta and tulle. It was a dress in the grand tradition and the Countess wore it superbly. I remember her telling me that it was much praised at one of the private balls at Buckingham Palace.

Soon afterwards she asked us to make the wedding dress for her youngest daughter, Lady Griselda Ogilvy. This time she brought us the most wonderful Brussels lace, which was to be mounted over oyster satin woven for her in Scotland. We contrived with this not to cut the lace at all. It was carefully rolled away and hidden in the seams.

The third dress is very fresh in all our memories. This was the christening robe for baby Caroline, the daughter of Jack Hawkins and his wife Doreen. This, too, was of Brussels lace and tulle, and there was fierce competition among the girls in the House for the pleasure of making it. They love to work on Mrs. Hawkins' clothes because she has a superlative figure, as well as beauty, and is, indeed, in my opinion, one of the best-dressed women in the country. Her clothes are always simple and *soigné*.

I WAS too busy to go to the church for Caroline's christening as we had an order from a customer who had seen a photograph—and wanted a rush copy—of the nylon gauze dress we had made for a show given by the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers for H.M. the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret. The show was held at Lady Camrose's lovely home in Carlton House Terrace, made even lovelier on this occasion by the exciting flower and fruit decorations planned by the Society's President, Lady Pamela Berry. The lift shaft running through the staircase well was interlaced with shiny camellia leaves and hung with oranges and lemons. A brilliant touch. (*Continued on page* 81)

Caroline, the daughter of Jack Hawkins, with her mother, in the Brussels lace robe which Michael Sherard made for her christening

Photograph by Caradog Williams

Goodnight story

This easy-to-make bedjacket has a hand-knitted welt and white nylon fur trimming

MATERIALS : 1½ yards pastel-coloured lightweight wool, 54 ins. wide. Original uses a turquoise colour. 1¼ yards white nylon fur trimming, 2 ins. wide ; ⅜ yard of similar trimming, as narrow as possible ; matching sewing thread. For knitted welt you need 3 ozs. Lee Target " Motoravia " in white ; a pair of No. 9 long needles ; a No. 9 crochet hook ; 4 buttons.

Making : Make welt first. Cast on 170 sts. and work 6 ins. k. 1, p. 1 rib. Cast off loosely in rib, using double wool.

Work 2 rows double crochet up one side. Work one row up other side edge. On next row make 4 button loops : * 3 chain, then 1 d.c. into 3rd chain from hook, 5 d.c. ; repeat from * ending row with another loop. Turn with 1 chain, then work back in d.c., working 3 times into loops to strengthen. Leave this welt aside.

Planning : Follow diagram on page 83 carefully. Iron out any creases on material. Fold material diagonally in half.

With tacking thread mark a point A half-way along diagonal. Join this point A to B. Measure 20 ins. down A-B to C. Mark 2 points D. Mark points E 16 ins. either side of A. Mark 2 points F 12 ins. below these. Mark G 16 ins. either side of E. Points H will come at edges of folded material. (*Continued on page* 83)

MASTERPIECES OF

Eighth in our series of condensed classics is Sir Walter Scott's tale of love and adventure

OF *The Fair Maid of Perth* John Buchan says : " Partly the book is the familiar mediæval picture—a Court, a tournament, the smug urban life of comedy, the quarrels of citizens and nobles, a too-gallant prince, a lovely burgher maiden. But Scott had so clear an insight into the old burghal life, and such a wealth of knowledge about it, that he re-peoples the streets of Perth with folk who are anything but stage creations. Moreover, Perth was near the Highland line, and no book that I know of shows so vividly the contrast, as well as the ties, between the compact municipal life and the savage outlands . . ."

Sir Walter Scott sets the scene of his novel in the last years of the fourteenth century, when Scotland was a land of dissension ; the north torn with the feuds of the mountain clans, the south menaced by the power wielded by a few rich influential nobles. His romantic narrative tells of a country, ruled by the gentle but feeble hand of Robert III, an easy-tempered Prince, infirm of purpose and resolution, and swayed by the more decisive minds about him.

He was much under the influence of his younger brother, the Duke of Albany, an ambitious man whose pretensions to the throne caused him so to manage the character of the Sovereign as might be most injurious to the prospects of the young Duke of Rothsay, the King's son and heir. Pleasure was Rothsay's favourite pursuit, and the impropriety in which he indulged scandalised the people.

SOME found excuse in his unhappy marriage, which had been arranged by his scheming Uncle Albany, who put the hand of the heir-apparent up for sale by making it publicly understood that the nobleman who could give the largest dowry to his daughter might aspire to marry her into the Royal house.

The Earl of March, a wealthy noble and landowner from the eastern frontier, was preferred to the other competitors, and his daughter, to the mutual delight of the young couple, was betrothed to Rothsay. But the Earl of Douglas, a man of wisdom and valour mingled with indomitable pride, was determined to break off the betrothal and offered his daughter Marjory, a woman whom Rothsay could not love, with a larger dowry than that proffered by March.

Albany's cupidity and the fear he entertained of this powerful noble incited him to prevail upon the King to break the contract, and Marjory and Rothsay were wed. March deeply resented the wrong done to him and his daughter, and Rothsay, incensed at this State intrigue, neglected his wife, scorned his father-in-law, and showed little respect for the authority of the King.

The Fair Maid of Perth

Illustrations by MIDDLEHURST

LIKE other gallants of the Royal Court, the Duke of Rothsay had been greatly attracted by Catherine Glover, whose renowned beauty had earned for her the title of "The Fair Maid of Perth." But Catherine had already been promised by her father Simon, a glove-maker, to Henry the Smith, one of the best armourers of Scotland. The Glover's young Highland apprentice Conachar also had designs on Catherine, and when Simon suggested that Henry should appear before her window at dawn on St. Valentine's morning, and thus be accepted as her Valentine for the year, Conachar's jealous wrath was aroused.

Further enraged by slighting references to Highlanders made by the Smith, Conachar attacked him with a knife and drew blood. Henry swiftly disarmed him—"Thou art but a boy, and I, a grown man, ought not to have provoked thee. But let this be a warning."

Henry hurried to the Glover's house in the early hours of St. Valentine's morning to keep his appointment, and found, to his consternation, a group of men stealthily raising a ladder against Catherine's window. Crying the alarm and drawing his sword he entered the fray, and had all but routed the assailants when the first sleepy citizens appeared.

THEIR discovery of a severed hand lying bloody on the ground indicated by the ring it bore that the night walkers were no Highland rogues but gentlemen, in all probability from the Royal Court. Determined to seek redress for the outrage that had been perpetrated on a burgher of the city, the angry citizens went to enlist the aid of Sir Patrick Charteris, the Provost of Perth.

Henry spent the remaining early morning hours in the house of Simon Glover, and to his joy was accepted by Catherine as her Valentine. Breakfast was a merry meal but for Conachar. He sat in sullen silence, and abruptly announcing his intention of returning to his father in the Highlands, he took his leave.

That same afternoon the King summoned his Lords of Council for consultation, the

Henry swiftly disarmed him—"Thou art but a boy and I a grown man. But let this be a warning"

Rothsay threw himself at his father's feet to beg forgiveness

consideration being a feud between the Clan Chattan and the Clan Quhele, which showed signs of breaking out into formidable warfare. Albany suggested that the chieftains, together with twenty-nine of their bravest men, should do battle before the King and his Court on Palm Sunday, some weeks hence, and this plan met with approval.

The business being accomplished the others withdrew leaving the two Royal brothers and the Prince together. The King then broached the matter closest to his heart, that of the Prince's activities in the early hours of that morning. Rothsay denied all knowledge of the affray outside Catherine's window and assured his father that Sir John Ramorny, a member of his household and the encourager and partaker of his numerous vices, had been employed in his service during those hours.

"False equivocator that thou art!" cried the King, and produced Ramorny's ring lost in the brawl, which had fallen into the hands of a follower of Douglas. Conscience-stricken at this revelation of his falsehood, Rothsay threw himself at his father's feet and swore that Ramorny would be dismissed from his service in disgrace. The tender-hearted King folded his son in his arms, and together they attended divine service to thank God for their happy reconciliation.

THE days passed until Shrovetide, the last holiday before the beginning of Lent, and the citizens filled the evening hours with feasting and merriment. But far removed from this jollity, in a darkened room lay Sir John Ramorny, pain upon his brow and his brain seething with plans for revenge. For his hand it was that had been severed by the Smith in the affray on St. Valentine's morning, a secret known only to Dwining, the physician who attended him.

Dwining, wily and treacherous, also hated and feared the Smith, and so, incited by the physician, Ramorny called in Bonthron, a member of his household and a brute of great strength. He ordered Bonthron to kill the Smith under Dwining's directions, and before the pair left to carry out their bloody deed the apothecary gave his patient a sleeping-draught, with orders that his sleep must not be interrupted.

In another part of the city a riotous company had whisked away as their prisoner a citizen of Perth, a craven-hearted bonnet-maker by name of Proudfute. Trembling with fear, he was forced to drink great quantities of wine and cut capers to the general amusement, and when they let him go he made for the Smith's house for protection with great speed.

Henry admitted the terrified bonnet-maker with reluctance, making no secret of his desire to be alone, and he refused to escort him to his home. He lent him, instead, his buff coat and cap of steel, and Proudfute swaggered off in imitation of the Smith's walk, whistling one of Henry's favourite tunes, in an endeavour to put courage in his fainting heart.

Little did he realise that this was to be his undoing, for out of the darkness came a blow against which his headpiece was no defence, and the little bonnet-maker fell dying to the ground, calling to Henry for protection.

IN the meantime, Rothsay and his band of revellers who had had such sport with the unfortunate Proudfute, went tipsy with mirth and jollity to the house of Ramorny, to rebuke him for being absent from their celebrations. As he approached Ramorny's room Rothsay came upon Bonthron standing on the threshold, his buff coat splashed with blood and a bloody axe in his hand. Turning from him in aversion the Prince entered the sick chamber alone.

Awakened from his drugged sleep, Ramorny was barely able to collect his scattered senses, but he revealed to Rothsay that his Uncle Albany had approached him, offering high favour for the future in exchange for the Prince's life. Rothsay recoiled in horror at this recital of treachery and resolved to put Ramorny from his life forever. Calling for a torch he withdrew, leaving Ramorny to sink back into his drugged slumber and wild dreams.

With the dawn came the discovery of the body of the luckless Proudfute, and the citizens cried for vengeance. A hurried council was called and reached the conclusion that the blow had been meant for Henry, and had

The apothecary gave Sir John Ramorny a sleeping-draught

Simon, concealed in a thicket, heard Conachar tell Torquil that he dared not face the impending battle

Summoning Catherine, the glee-maiden seized some morsels of food and hurried to the castle wall. They tried to pass them through a hole in the wall to the starving Prince

probably been delivered by the same group of revellers that had so mistreated the bonnet-maker. One citizen had recognised the costumes worn by these revellers as belonging to Ramorny's household, and a trial was demanded.

When faced with this charge, Ramorny met it with a broad denial, which the Prince confirmed. But remembering Bonthron, with his bloody axe, Rothsay refused to vouch for Ramorny's householders, much to Ramorny's wrath. To Dwining Ramorny confessed his fear that Bonthron would be discovered and would reveal all, but Dwining reassured him that, with the aid of his confederate the executioner, Bonthron would come to no harm and keep his secret safe.

And so it happened—at the trial Bonthron confessed to the murder. "By whose command?" asked the Prior, and the murderer pointed his finger at the Prince. Rothsay was too horrified to deny the accusation and Bonthron was carried off to the gallows, and to all appearance dispatched according to the usual forms of the law.

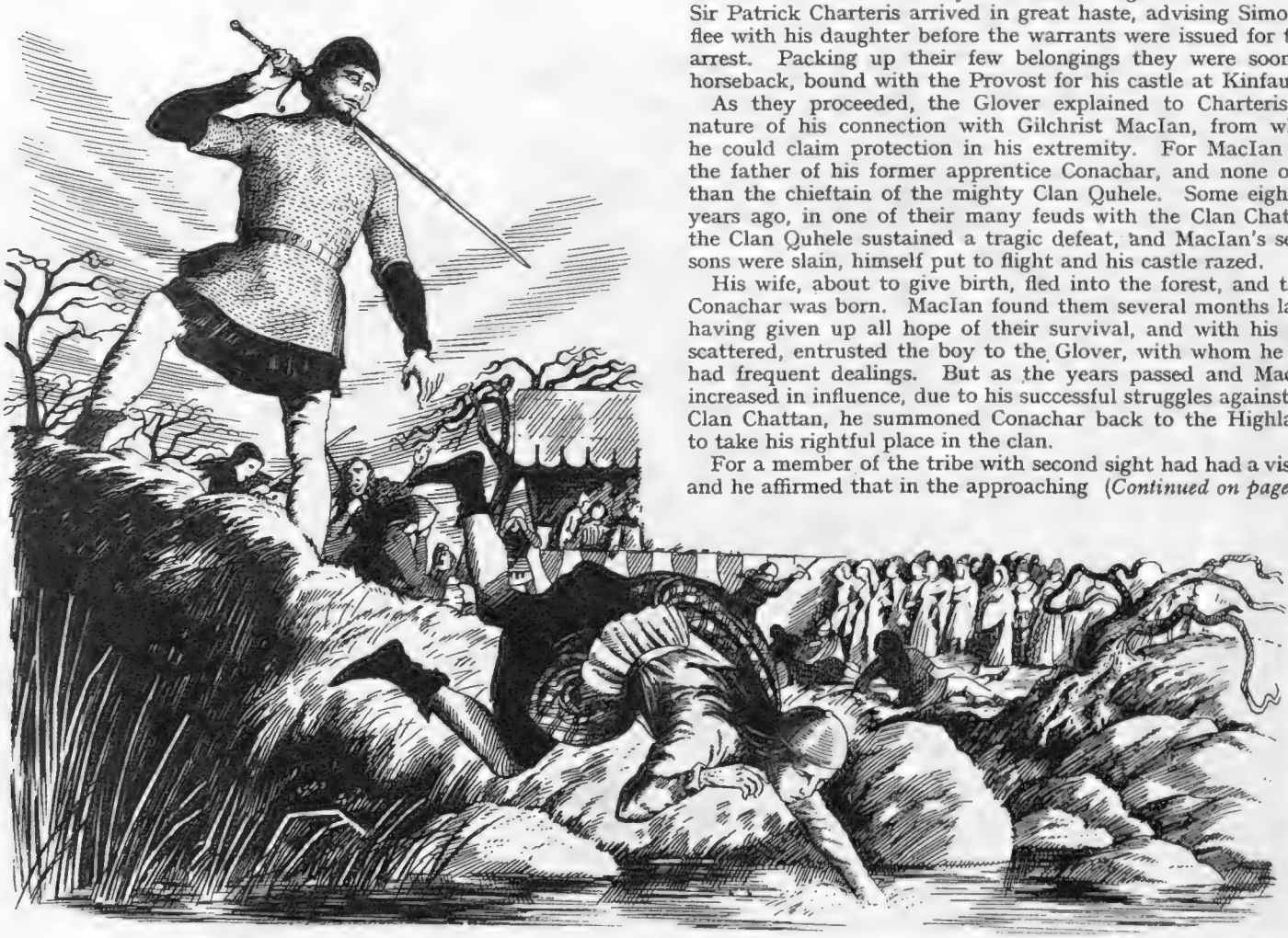
In the dark hours of the next morning three shadowy figures approached the gibbet, from which they could plainly hear groans. For Dwining had done his work well—a harness of straps attached to a steel collar around which the noose was passed had supported Bonthron throughout the night. He was swiftly cut down and, soon recovering from the ordeal, he was conveyed to the waiting boat. With instructions to the boatman to carry his passenger to Newburgh, the figures parted, and each took his own way.

LATER that morning, Glover was startled at the disclosure from Catherine that their names were on a list of persons suspected of heresy, for they had often listened to the preachings of one Father Clement, condemned by the Dominicans as a heretic. The Glover barely had time to digest this news when Sir Patrick Charteris arrived in great haste, advising Simon to flee with his daughter before the warrants were issued for their arrest. Packing up their few belongings they were soon on horseback, bound with the Provost for his castle at Kinfauns.

As they proceeded, the Glover explained to Charteris the nature of his connection with Gilchrist MacIan, from whom he could claim protection in his extremity. For MacIan was the father of his former apprentice Conachar, and none other than the chieftain of the mighty Clan Quhele. Some eighteen years ago, in one of their many feuds with the Clan Chattan, the Clan Quhele sustained a tragic defeat, and MacIan's seven sons were slain, himself put to flight and his castle razed.

His wife, about to give birth, fled into the forest, and there Conachar was born. MacIan found them several months later, having given up all hope of their survival, and with his clan scattered, entrusted the boy to the Glover, with whom he had had frequent dealings. But as the years passed and MacIan increased in influence, due to his successful struggles against the Clan Chattan, he summoned Conachar back to the Highlands to take his rightful place in the clan.

For a member of the tribe with second sight had had a vision, and he affirmed that in the approaching (*Continued on page* 82)



Face to face with the Smith, Conachar's courage deserted him and he plunged into the river

Margaret Sharp

Shopping for You...

this month, I found reversible poplin cushion covers at Woolland Brothers of Knightsbridge in lovely colours at 37s. 6d. The one in the photograph, right, is emerald green inside, kingcup yellow outside, the yellow decorated with lines of black stitching. The reversing operation is aided by a two-way zip.

For a different kind of room, there is a washable white nylon fur fabric cushion cover, £2 7s. 8d. The top in white with black stitching, the reverse side brilliant jewel colours.

The iron and cane stool with comfortably curved seat also comes from Woollands. £2 14s. 6d.

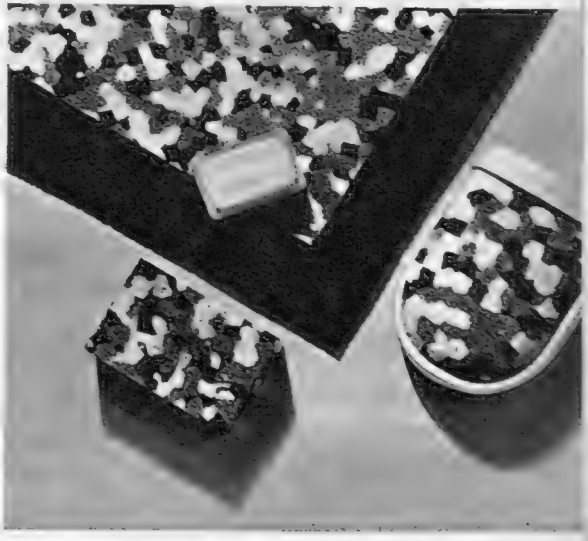
The little table lamp in red and natural cane, with shade and lamp ingeniously welded into one, is from Betty Hope Ltd., 19, Beauchamp Place, S.W.1, in yellow or natural cane also, £2 12s. 6d., postage and packing 2s.

For the needlewoman . . . above, a new illustrated book, " Cross Stitch," containing some excellent designs, 2s. 6d.; Vilene, a new stiffening material which does not go limp or crease in the wash, particularly suitable for tailored summer cottons, in black or white, 5s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. a yard; a tortoise pin-cushion with magnetic head, 2s. 9d., all from Selfridges.

For the bathroom . . . a foam " sponge set " in the picture below right, in black, red and cream, or two shades of green and cream, consisting of bath-mat, sponge and glove, 27s. from Harrods, Knightsbridge. For the nursery . . . pictured below left, a child's chair in the metal and cane contemporary idiom; the milk bottle gives the scale. Peter Jones Ltd., 35s.

For households where the non-smokers object to the smell of stale tobacco and stubbed-out cigarette-ends . . . the Ashbourne Ashbowl, above, fitted with a patent plunger top which disposes of the cigarette-ends in a self-sealing compartment underneath. With Royal Doulton colour-glazed bowl, price £2 from Harrods of Knightsbridge. For the kitchen . . . Ronuk Emulsion, a special preparation which cleans and polishes composition tiles. 1s. 9d., John Lewis.

For all housewives . . . a non-electric floor polisher, below, the first of its kind to appear on the market. It has two contra-rotating polishing brush heads, which work by the simple action of pushing the handle. The price is 3 gns. Obtainable from Harrods of Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1.



Even in the Ides of March # THEY NEED

RED INDIAN FRINGE

For the country, made up in a colour dark and definite—moss green, chestnut, sable, with a white fringe, this thick wool jacket with front fastening will keep you warm

Materials required for this cardigan are 15 ozs. Marshgrove Huski Knit in green, shade No. 1606, and 1 oz. in white ; one pair No. 9 and one set of No. 11 needles ; one circular needle, size 9 and 11 ; a "Lightening" zip fastener with open end, 21-in. long ; crochet hook, size 0 ; two hooks and bars. Working at a tension of 11 sts. and 15 rows to 2 ins., the cardigan fits a 36-in. bust, length 22 ins.

THE BACK

Using the No. 9 needles, cast on 79 sts. and rib as follows :

1st row.—(K. 1, p. 1) to ending k. 1.

2nd row.—(P. 1, k. 1) to ending p. 1.

Rep. these 2 rows for 40 in all.

Continuing in rib, inc. 1 st. at each end of the next, then every following 4th row until 101 sts. on needle.

Complete 13½ ins. or 100 rib rows.

Shape Armholes : Dec. 1 st. at each end of the next 16 rows. Leave these sts. on needle.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 49 sts. and rib as for the back for the 40 rows, then continuing in rib, inc. at end of next row, then at same edge on every 4th row until 61 sts. on needle, and same depth as back to armhole completed.

Shape armhole end as for the back and leave sts. on needle.

LEFT FRONT

Work a left front to pair as for right front but reversing all armhole shapings.

SLEEVES

Using the No. 11 needles, cast on 49 sts. and rib as for the lower edge for 2 ins.

Change to the No. 9 needles, and continuing in rib, inc. at each end of the 9th, then every 8th row following, until 18½ ins. on No. 9 needles completed (= 79 sts.).

Shape Top : Dec. at each end of the next 16 rows, leave sts. on pin.

Work another sleeve likewise.

Using the No. 9 circular needle, place the right front, then 1 sleeve, then the back, then the other sleeve, then the left front (armhole edge first), on to this needle.

P. 1 row.

Then purling next row wrong side facing, continue in st. st. dec. as follows :

Next row.—Right side facing, k. 43, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 2 tog., k. 43, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 2 tog., k. 65, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 2 tog., k. 43, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 2 tog., k. 43.

Next row.—P.

Rep. these 2 rows until 40 rows of shaping completed (=93 sts. on needle).

Rib 16 rows, then change to the No. 11 needles and rib for 16 rows. Cast-off loosely in rib.

(*Continued on page* 82)

NO COAT — *these sweaters in Marshgrove wools*

FRENCH SAILOR STRIPE

Materials required for this jersey are: 5 oz. "Marshgrove" 2-ply wool in main colour and ½ oz. in contrast; 1 pair No. 11 and 1 pair No. 13 knitting needles. Working at a tension of 8½ sts. and 10½ rows to the inch measured over the stocking stitch, the jersey fits a 34-35-in. bust. Abbreviations: K. = knit; p. = purl; st.(s) = stitches; st.st. = stocking stitch; inc. = increase; dec. = decrease; in.(s) = inches; beg. = beginning.

THE BACK

With No. 13 needles and main colour cast on 120 sts. Work 4 ins. in k. 1, p. 1 rib.

Change to No. 11 needles and st.st. Work 14 rows.

Inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and then every following 6th row until there are 146 sts.

Work 5 rows.

Shape Armholes.—Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, and then dec. 1 st. at each end of every alternate row until there are 116 sts. left.

Work without further shaping until armholes measure 7 ins. from the beg., measured straight, ending with a p. row.

Shape Shoulders.—Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off the remaining 44 sts. for back of neck.

THE FRONT

Centre Part.—With No. 13 needles and main colour, cast on 120 sts. Work 4 ins. in k. 1, p. 1 rib.

Change to No. 11 needles and st.st., working in stripes of 4 rows in main colour, and 6 rows in contrasting colour. Work 14 rows.

Dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and then every alternate row until there are 68 sts. left, then 1 st. at each end of every 4th row until there are 56 sts. left, and then 1 st. at each end of every 8th row until there are 44 sts. left.

Work until the 14th stripe in contrasting colour has been completed. Continue in main colour.

Work 4 rows.

Change to No. 13 needles.—K. the next row on the wrong side to mark hemline.

Work 6 rows. Cast off.

The Left Side.—With No. 11 needles and main colour, cast on 3 sts. Work in st.st., increasing 1 st. at inside edge on alternate rows, and 1 st. at side edge on every 6th row until there are 52 sts.

Work 3 rows, ending at side edge.

Shape the Armhole.—Keeping inside edge straight, cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next row, and then dec. 1 st. on every alternate row until there are 36 sts. left.

Work until armhole measures 7 ins. from the beg., measured straight, ending at arm edge.

Shape the Shoulder.—Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of next and alternate rows until all sts. are eliminated.

The Right Side.—Work as for left side, reversing all shapings.

(*Continued on page 82*)

For the town, made up in subtle shaded colours—lime and lemon, rose and blush pink, sea and sky blue—this two-in-one jersey with bolero-set effect is complete enough to wear outdoors

Twelve Hours

to

BEAUTIFY . . .

Hours with time, for once, your friend and not your enemy . . . a day to restock depleted reserves of health and put a sparkle in your appearance

Beauty by Chrysis

MARCH is a difficult month. It is bad enough to feel jaded, worse to look it and no help at all to blame everything on the hard winter and sunless summer of last year.

But if you have a slack day some time this month, perhaps a lazy Sunday ahead with no social calls, see what a twelve-hour beauty rest-cure can do for your end-of-winter looks. The idea is to make a concerted two-way attack on your beauty problems, from inside and out. Rest, special relaxation exercises and diet tackle the trouble from inside, a facial, a manicure and so on help on the good work from outside.

To avoid the "cure" deteriorating into a liverish, sluggish day, take a vegetable laxative the night before as part of the treatment. Sleep as long as you like into the morning. Half the common beauty troubles, shadows around the eyes, dulled complexions and strain lines round the eyes and mouth, are due to sheer fatigue. When you wake, drink the juice of a freshly squeezed orange or grapefruit. There should be no tinned foods today if you can avoid it. Tinned fruit and vegetable juices, though good, are not as rich as the real thing in all the vitamins needed for a clear, beautiful complexion.

Open the windows wide, because even though strenuous exercise is taboo, fresh air is not. Oxygen plays a vital rôle in reviving your sparkle, so three minutes' deep breathing at the open window at least three times during the day, is part of the treatment.

DIET CHART

Breakfast *Whenever you want it: mint tea or coffee sweetened with black treacle or honey (no cream today, let the gall bladder rest).*

Midmorning *If hungry during the morning: choice of fortified tomato juice, celery or carrot juice, or fortified milk.*

Luncheon *Any time you like—you are no slave of time today: Hot clear broth.*
Large salad of any fresh vegetables, chopped very fine, with yoghourt dressing or a glass of yoghourt with black treacle and honey.
Hot drink, as for breakfast.

Tea *Hot tea with or without lemon, as you like, but no milk.*

Dinner *Hot broth.*
Four tablespoons fresh cream cheese sprinkled with chopped chives, parsley or green onions (a bit of lemon if desired) or grated carrot salad and yoghourt dressing. Beverage: a choice of fortified milk, or a small cup of black coffee.

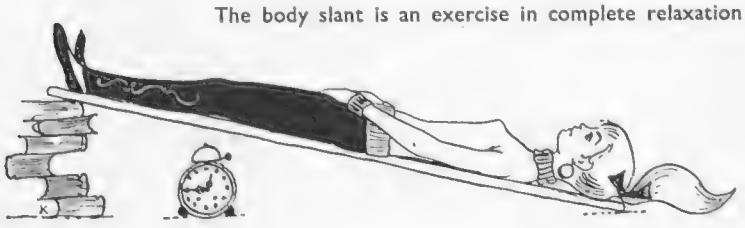
Bedtime *So there is no possible chance of cheating your body of any of the important vitamins and minerals, fortify yourself with 1 fish liver oil capsule for vitamin A and D, 1 vitamin C tablet, 1 wheat germ oil capsule for vitamin E, and drink down with a cup of fortified hot milk flavoured with a teaspoon each of black treacle and brewers' yeast for vitamin B and more protein.*

BE a miser with your energy when you get up. Fit in your facial treatment and a beauty bath when you feel inclined. Time, for this one day, should not be your enemy.

Just a word about fortified foods which appear on the day's diet chart. In case you do not know Gayelord Hauser's principles, the idea of fortifying foods, usually liquids, is to increase the nourishment without increasing bulk. Skimmed milk powder is added to liquid milk, yoghourt to fruit or vegetable juices, powdered wheat germ or powdered yeast to vegetable juices and purees, to boost the mineral, vitamin and protein content, all of which are essential to keep the skin clear and the figure slim and youthful.

Twice or three times during the day, do the body slant for fifteen minutes, not only as an exercise in complete relaxation, but also as a face and scalp treatment. "The Body Slant," says Hauser, "is the simplest and most effective way I have found to relax the entire body. In the Body Slant position, muscles which ordinarily are somewhat tense, even in easy sitting and standing, are relaxed and at ease. Sagging abdominal muscles get a lift, and the blood flows more freely to the muscles of the chin, throat and cheeks, maintaining their firmness. The complexion, hair and scalp benefit from this increased blood circulation." (*Continued on page* 83)

The body slant is an exercise in complete relaxation



What's the Latest

ANTICIPATE the spring . . . if only with a new spring-fragrant talcum powder. Cussons, who already have Linden Blossom toilet soap and bath cubes, have now added a Linden Blossom talcum powder to complete the suite. This is a delightfully perfumed talc, priced at a modest 1s. 10d.

* * *

There are whisperings in the world of fashion that hair will be a little longer this season, though the new move may expect powerful opposition from all who have found shorn locks so much more manageable than long tresses. But short, or just a little longer, the general line still seems to be smooth and sculptured, as against curly. This does not, as every woman knows, rule out the necessity of a perm, and perms on short hair styles have a depressing tendency to grow out more quickly than the budget caters for. Vasco of Dover Street, Mayfair, has solved this problem with what might be called a permanent wave season ticket. For one down payment of 10 gns. your hair will be permed for a whole year as many times as it requires during that time. There is no restriction on the choice of system, which can be hot, cold, machine or machineless, as you prefer. The only expense you will have over and above the initial 10 gns. is the cost of shampoo and set, or re-style, as the case may be.

* * *

To a hitherto rather neglected minority, lipstick allergy has been a very real problem. In extreme cases it is sometimes impossible to wear a lipstick at all. Now Innoxa have come to the rescue with a new Lip Barrier Cream on the same principle as their well-known barrier hand creams. The Lip Barrier Cream is applied on and around the lips, left for a minute to dry, and then re-applied. When dry, lipstick may be applied using, as an extra precaution, an eosin-free lipstick. With this double safeguard, even hyper-sensitive lips should be protected. The Lip Barrier Cream comes in 1 oz. jars, price 2s. 4d. and can be ordered from any Innoxa stockist.

* * *

In tune with the current feeling for delicate make-up, Charles of the Ritz have produced three new shades of eye-shadow, all light in tone. They are China Blue, Fern, a soft green particularly becoming for the green-eyed redhead, and Silver Violet, a lovely shade for evening. There is also a blue and green mascara as well as brown and black.

...By JANET DARBY

COOKING with YEAST

Savour the rich smell of home-baked bread . . . brioches . . . and sally-lunns

AS I grow older, my memory reaches back with love and longing to the simpler pleasures of my childhood, and one of the greatest of these was the pleasure of *smelling* things. Nothing exotic like perfume: flowers, of course, and the smell of cut grass, or newly-chopped wood. The smell of new milk, fresh ground coffee, home-made wines; I picture myself as a child sniffing as appreciatively as a dog all the new and lovely smells of this new and lovely world. But most of all I loved—and still love—the smell of yeast; the winey, warm, somehow reassuring smell of tomorrow's bread in the making.

On my way to school I would snatch a moment in my hasty progress—for I was always nearly late—to stand on the grating in front of the little baker's shop, and sniff deeply the mixture of yeast and spice, and the solid smell of warmth which rose through the bars.

It was as good as a feast; almost as good as the beautiful golden loaves which we bought while still warm, and which comforted our chilly fingers all the way home on winter mornings.

My grandmother always made her own bread twice a week, and indeed it had a special flavour, as home-made bread still does. By the time my mother ruled her own kitchen the practice of making bread at home had become less general, but even so the glorious fragrance of yeast cooking filled the kitchen quarters during the festival seasons.

Fruit loaves and sally-lunns at Christmas for some reason: hot cross buns and simnel cake at Easter, and sometimes as a special treat we would persuade her to make cinnamon buns, deliciously spicy and sugary.

I hope I can tempt you to try some of the recipes which follow. Yeast cooking isn't difficult, so long as you remember that warmth and moisture are essential. Your mixing bowl must be warm, and so must your mixing liquid. Also, you must have a warm place in which the dough can rise. Not hot, for heat kills yeast, and not cold; for *live* yeast mixtures cannot grow except in a warm atmosphere. The rack above the gas stove, or a place near an open fire are both suitable.

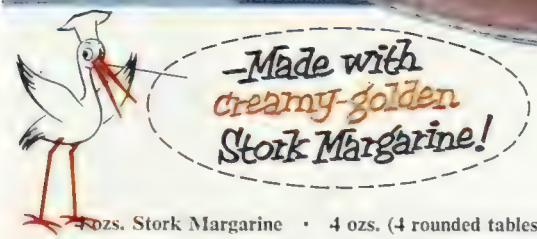
White Bread

3½ lbs. flour; 1 oz. compressed yeast (obtainable from any bakery); 1 level tablespoon salt; 1 teaspoon fine sugar; about 1¾ pints lukewarm water (or half water, half milk).

Warm a large mixing bowl, and sieve the flour and salt into it, making a well in the centre. Mix the yeast and sugar together in a small warmed basin until they liquefy, then stir the lukewarm water into the yeast mixture. Strain this liquid into the centre of the flour, and mix lightly with the hand. Then cover the bowl with a cloth, and set aside in a warm place for about fifteen minutes, or until there are bubbles on the surface to show that the yeast is working.

Now turn the dough out on to a floured board, and knead with the knuckles for a few minutes, until the dough is smooth and feels rubbery. Ten minutes should be enough for this. Then sprinkle a little flour in the mixing bowl, put the dough back into it, cover with a cloth, and put it to rise in a warm place. It (*Continued on page* 84)

Peaches and Cream Cake



4 ozs. Stork Margarine · 4 ozs. (4 rounded tablespoons) castor sugar · Finely grated rind of 1 lemon (optional) 2 eggs · 4 ozs. (4 heaped tablespoons) self-raising flour

Filling and Topping

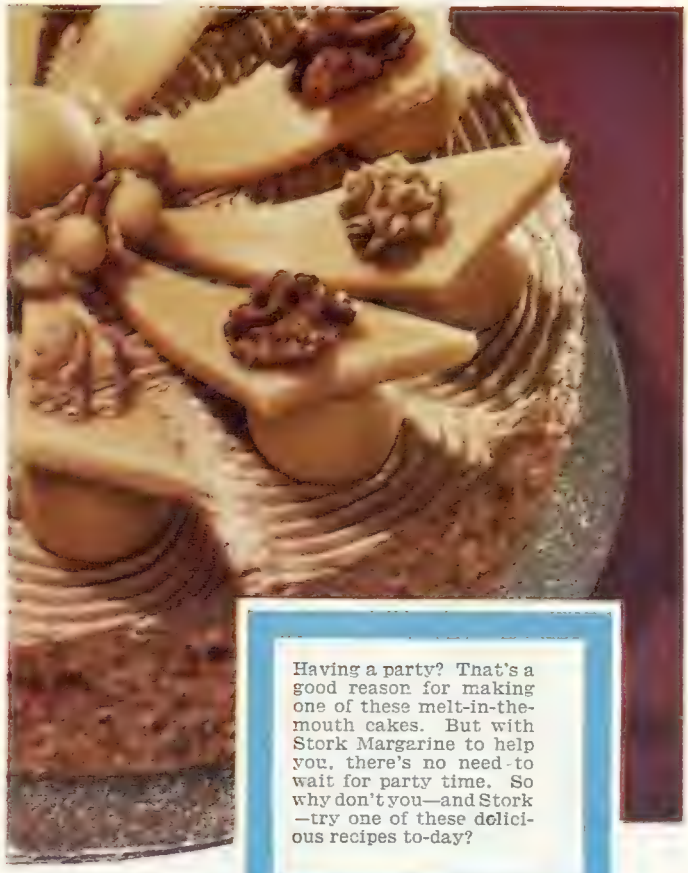
2 heaped tablespoons apricot jam
½ pint sweetened whipped cream (¼ pint if used for top only)
3-4 halves large tinned peaches · 7-8 tinned or glacé cherries
5-6 large diamond shaped angelica leaves
5 tablespoons peach syrup (sweetened) · 1½ level teaspoons arrowroot

Cream Stork and sugar, and beat in grated lemon rind. Beat in eggs one at a time, adding a little sieved flour with the second. Fold in remaining flour. Bake in 8-inch greased sandwich tin, with a round of greaseproof paper in bottom, on middle shelf of a moderate oven (Regulo Mark 4: 360°F.) for 35-40 minutes. Cool.

When cool, cut cake in half, and spread with jam and half the cream. Sandwich together. Cut peaches in half and arrange, with rounded side up, round edge of cake with a cherry between each two. With a forcing bag and rose tube pipe a pyramid of whipped cream in centre of cake, and insert angelica leaves half way up. Blend arrowroot with a little of the peach syrup, stir in remainder, and boil for three minutes stirring continuously. Cool, and coat peaches and cherries carefully with the mixture.

Look! I'm cutting out all these lovely Stork recipes and keeping them. Why don't you, too!

Chocolate Mocha Cake



Having a party? That's a good reason for making one of these melt-in-the-mouth cakes. But with Stork Margarine to help you, there's no need to wait for party time. So why don't you—and Stork—try one of these delicious recipes to-day?

4 ozs. Stork Margarine · 5 ozs. (5 rounded tablespoons) castor sugar
1 heaped tablespoon cocoa · 2 eggs · 2 tablespoons hot water
4 ozs. (4 heaped tablespoons) self-raising flour · 1 tablespoon milk
Stork Coffee Icing (see recipe) · ¾ lb. bought almond paste
2 ozs. chopped walnuts and 6 halves of walnuts for decorating

Blend sieved cocoa to smooth paste with hot water. Cream Stork and sugar. Beat in cooled cocoa mixture. Beat in eggs, one at a time, adding a little sieved flour with the second. Fold in remaining flour and milk. Bake in 8-inch greased sandwich tin, with a round of greaseproof paper in bottom, on middle shelf of a moderate oven (Regulo Mark 4: 360°F) for 35-40 minutes. Cool.

Stork Coffee Icing

3 ozs. Stork Margarine · 8 ozs. (8 well-heaped tablespoons) icing sugar
1 dessertspoon milk · 1 dessertspoon coffee essence

Cream Stork with half sieved icing sugar. Beat in remaining sugar, milk and coffee essence. Ice cake as directed.

Icing and Decorating

Thickly coat sides of the cake with coffee-flavoured Stork icing, and roll in finely chopped walnuts. Spread top of cake with two-thirds of remaining icing; mark pattern with a fork. Cut twelve triangles 1" wide and 4" long from thinly rolled almond paste; trim ends to a slope. With remaining almond paste make thirteen large and six small balls. Arrange triangles in a ring on top of cake, with wide ends resting on large balls. Place remaining ball in centre; pipe rosettes of coffee icing round it. Press small ball in centre of each rosette. Pipe rosettes on alternate triangles. Attach halved walnuts to remaining triangles with icing.

Stork Margarine
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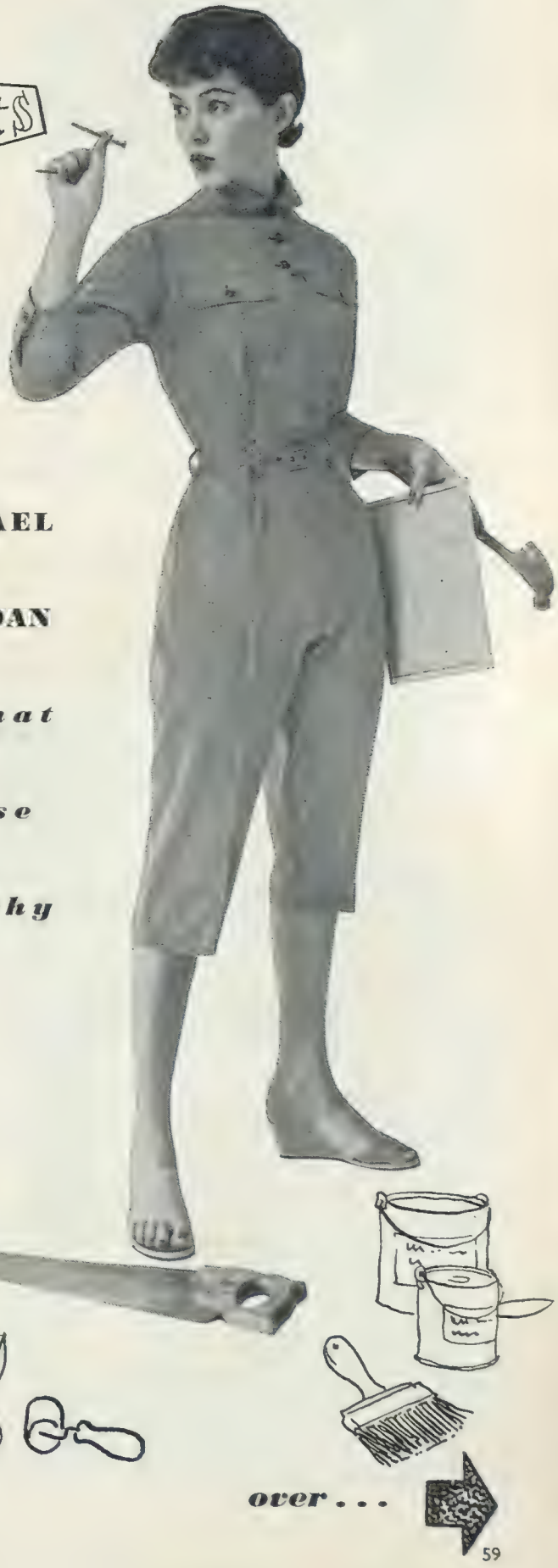


MICHAEL SHERIDAN *on what to use and why*

SNOW . . . ice . . . floods . . . blizzards . . . smog ("You can't tell me the H-bomb isn't at the bottom of it all") : in the last few months we've had The Lot. Small wonder that most homes are as sadly in need of a facial as a fading beauty after a week of late nights. Not to mention practical first aid for the household equivalents of fallen arches and slipped discs.

Fortunately, there are beauty aids—and homely remedies for minor ills—in plenty. So let's make a tour of inspection and see what can be done for the baggy eyes and crow's feet winter has inflicted on our homes.

Paintwork is an early casualty to wintry weather, especially if it's not in prime condition to start with. And it's not only outside paint that suffers. For constant condensation inside caused by a winter like last plays havoc with most ordinary paints. A coat of paint is not only medicinal; to the winter-weary home, it's like a new spring hat to a woman. Modern science has given us a paint for almost every purpose. But it's important to choose the right one for the job.

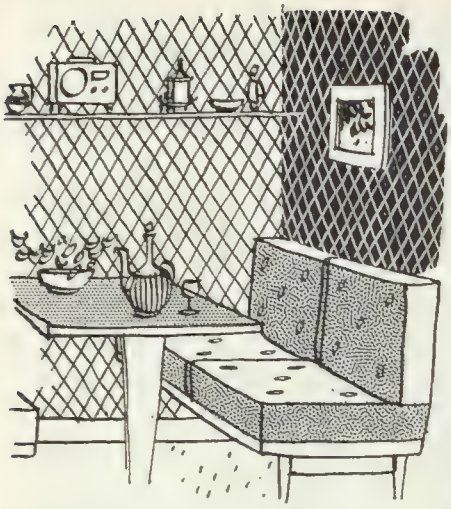
Some of the newest emulsion paints, however, are equally suitable for exterior or interior use. They are, on the whole, easy to apply, very quick drying and if, like me, you're not particularly enthusiastic about most "standard" shade cards, well, all the colours in a given brand can be intermixed. Some emulsion paints like "Du-Lite" can be used not only for inside or outside woodwork but also for brickwork, cement rendering and stucco, provided they're reasonably dry. On such surfaces they form a second line of defence against damp.

If you're of the school that likes a good glossy finish at any rate on outside paintwork—the emulsion paints are matt or egg-shell—you can still choose a quick-drying lacquer. "Qik," for example, dries hard in about four hours and will stand up even to sea-air, which as anyone who lives by the sea knows is an acid test. This particular lacquer, by the way, is undamaged by even boiling water so it's ideal for re-enamelling a bath or pepping up kitchen fitments.

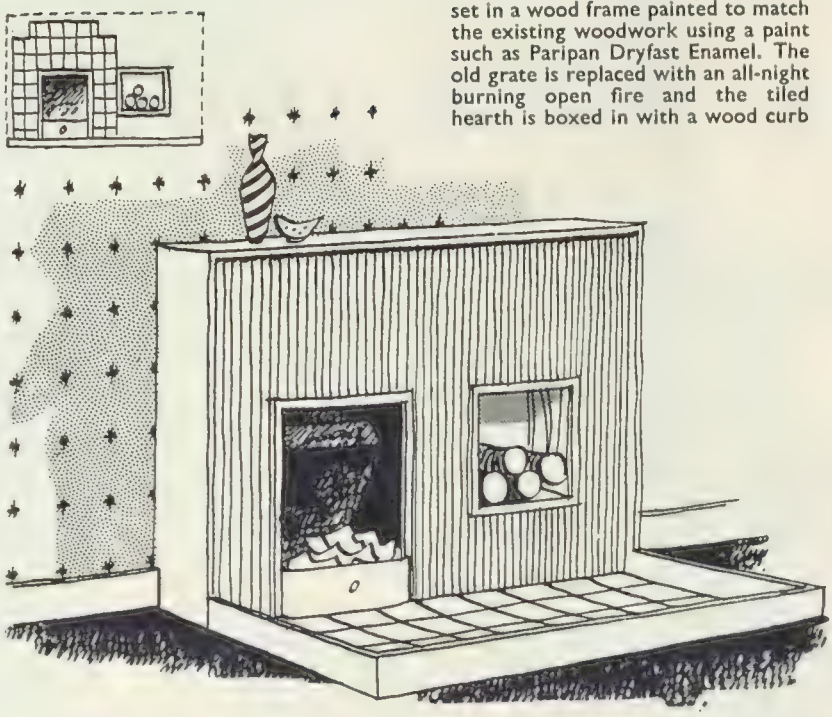
For removing old paint one of the proprietary paint removers such as "Arnolite" is useful and simpler than a blowlamp.

Even for normal interior decoration, it's only sense to key your paint to the job it's got to do. Anti-condensation paint, for example, is a must in kitchens and bathrooms and it should be easy to clean. An entirely new type of finish is provided by the Robbialac "One Hour" emulsion paint. It is more easily applied (*Continued on page* 66)

over . . .



A dinette planned for a corner in kitchen or living-room, space-saving yet providing a cheerful background to good eating. The table is topped with coloured Warerite, the two-seat benches on either side upholstered with foam rubber. Reverse colour-ways of the same patterned Sanderson's wallpaper, Ex. 54109, is followed through in the colour of the lino on the floor, underlaid with Linovent for a luxury tread

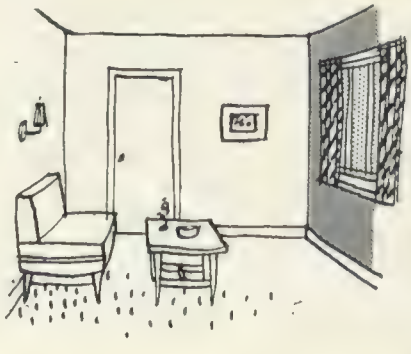


Renovation plan for a *démodé* fireplace uses fluted aluminium sheeting to block in the existing surround, set in a wood frame painted to match the existing woodwork using a paint such as Paripan Dryfast Enamel. The old grate is replaced with an all-night burning open fire and the tiled hearth is boxed in with a wood curb

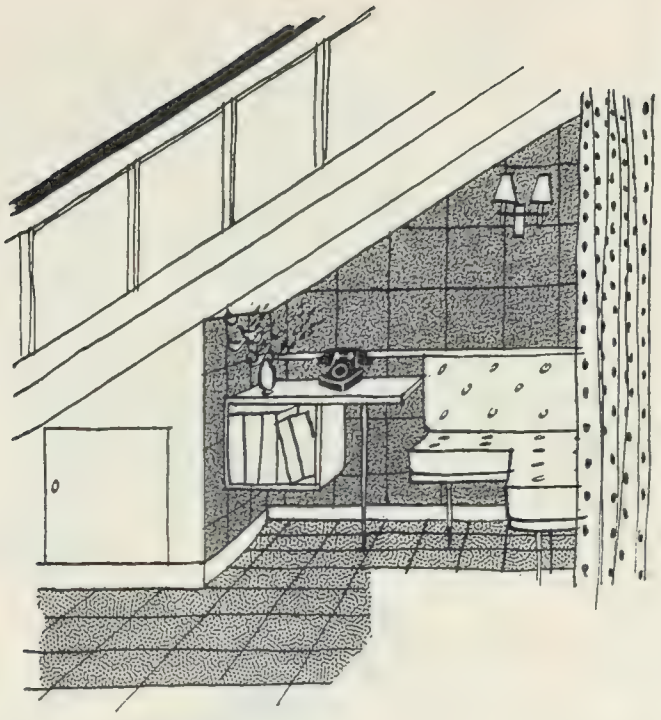
Combined working counter and snack bar is a space saver. In a small kitchenette with no room for a table and chairs, it makes eating in the kitchen a possibility. The counter and serving hatch are covered with Klingdecor, a heatproof plastic surfaced sheet obtainable in plain colours, the stools covered with hard-wearing Vynide. English Rose wall cabinets high up help the storage problem. Give yourself an amusing wallpaper to look at; even if the other walls of the kitchen are painted, wallpaper the section over the eating counter. The one suggested is Lancastria, No. 6100

The problem to be tackled in this small bedroom is the height of the ceiling, which may be adjusted visually by painting the ceiling in a deep tone of colour. A dark carpet, or other floor covering, is also helpful. The walls should be kept as light as possible

In rooms facing strong light, the window wall should be painted in pale colour, so that the contrast between the light and the wall surface is minimized and glare reduced. Light absorbent surfaces are better than light reflecting ones

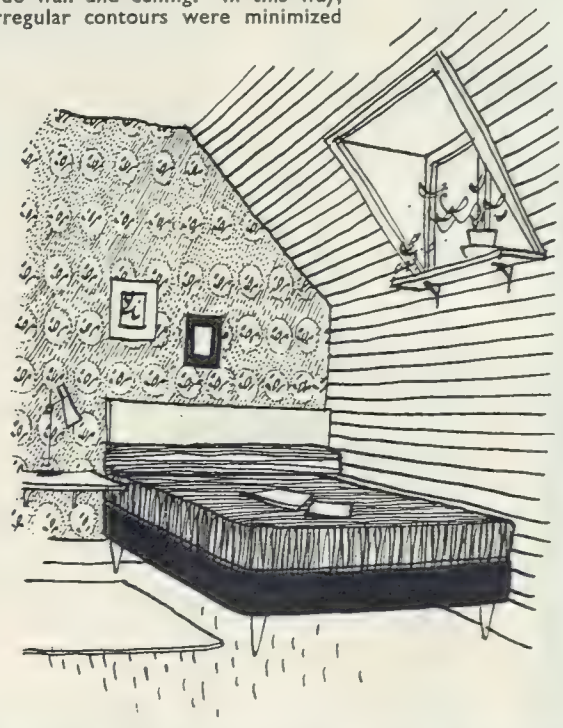


In rooms containing poor natural light, the window walls should be painted in a dark colour, so that light in the window space is exaggerated. The remaining three walls and floor surfaces should be kept as light as possible

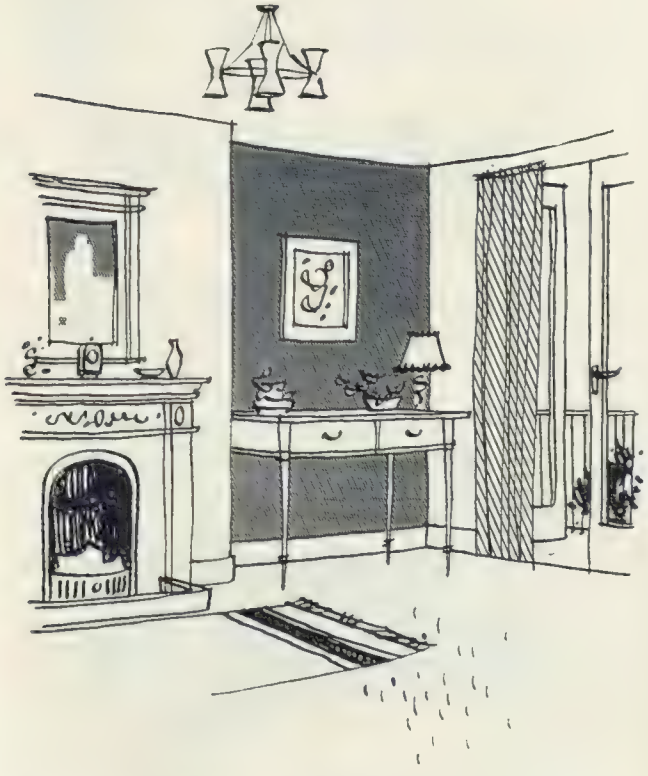


The awkward cubby hole under the stairs, usually so much wasted floor space, can be converted into a comfortable telephone corner. Cork walls make for good sound-absorption, Marleytile flooring matching the hall creates an illusion of space. Furnish the alcove with telephone table-combined-directory holder and an L-shaped seat; add, as a draught-breaker, a panel of fluted glass or a curtain

Attic into spare bedroom, with the clever use of wallpaper. Contrasting patterned wallpapers give uniformity to an awkward-shaped room and disguise odd junctions of ceiling and wall in an attic. In this case, a boldly patterned paper, Crown R14899, was used on the flat end wall, horizontally hung self-striped paper on sloping side wall and ceiling. In this way, irregular contours were minimized



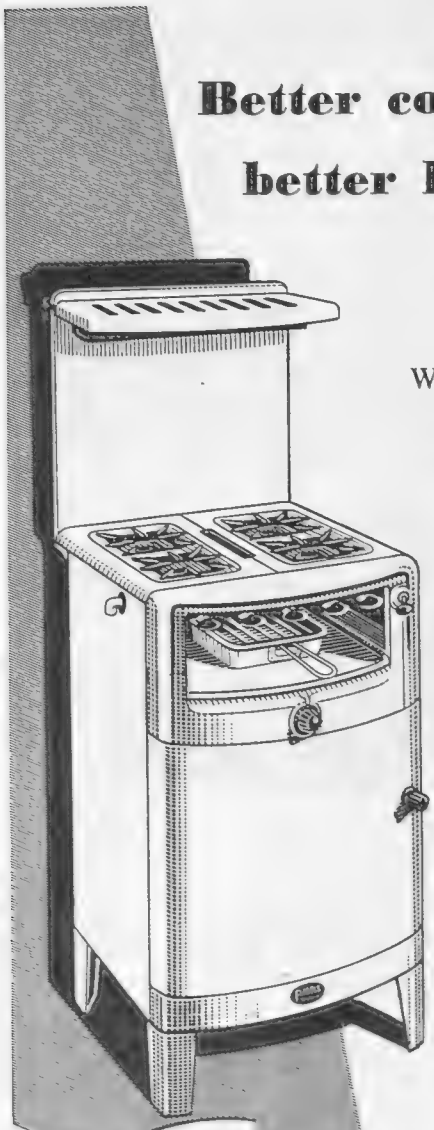
Wallpapers. paints. materials • Wallpapers. paints. materials • Wallpapers. paints. materials



A dark-toned wall treatment of a shallow alcove will give an added sense of recession, whether using wallpaper or paint. In this instance, Walpamur water paint in two colours was used for the walls, the darker colour in the recess, the lighter one elsewhere

Bright travel posters bring reminiscent interest to a corner arrangement. Posters, beautiful though they may be, have little intrinsic value to be preserved behind glass, so framing them can be rudimentary. Backed with plywood, or plaster board, and secured all round with narrow beading, the frames are light enough to be pin-nailed directly into the wall. Plain painted walls, using Walpamur water paint or Leyland VIP emulsion paint, make the best setting for the colourful boldness of the posters

Better cooking . . . better looking!



With a "larger than usual oven," fast, efficient burners and a capacious grilling space, this delightful bow-fronted cooker gives really good service for a modest price. From your local gas showrooms on attractive hire purchase terms.

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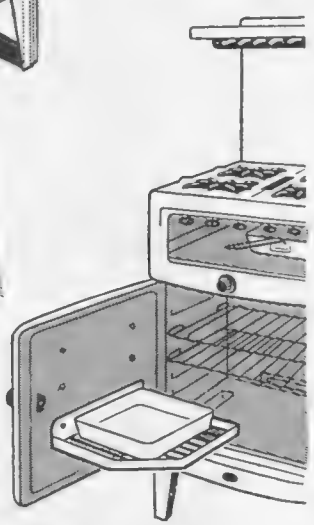

The HANDY RACK

Just open the door and out comes the cooking ready for inspection! The Handy Rack can be fixed in any of three positions to the Flavel '68' cooker and cannot slip during use.

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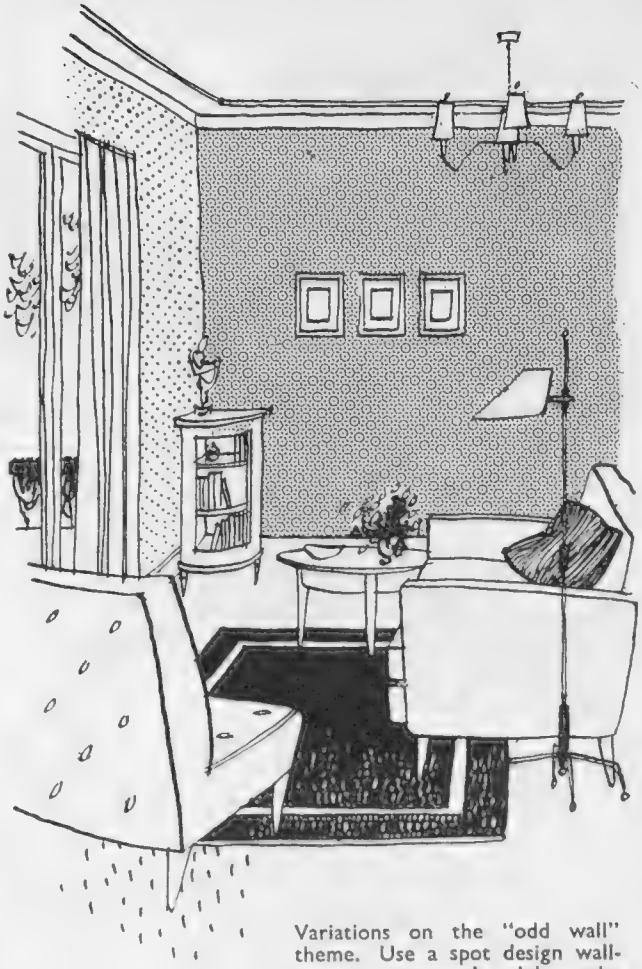
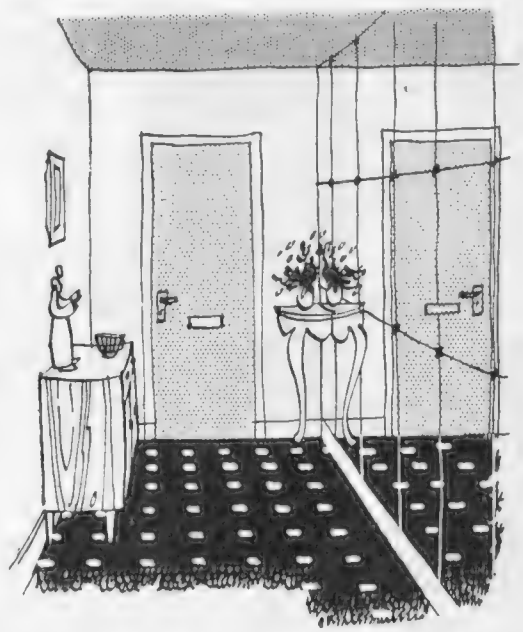
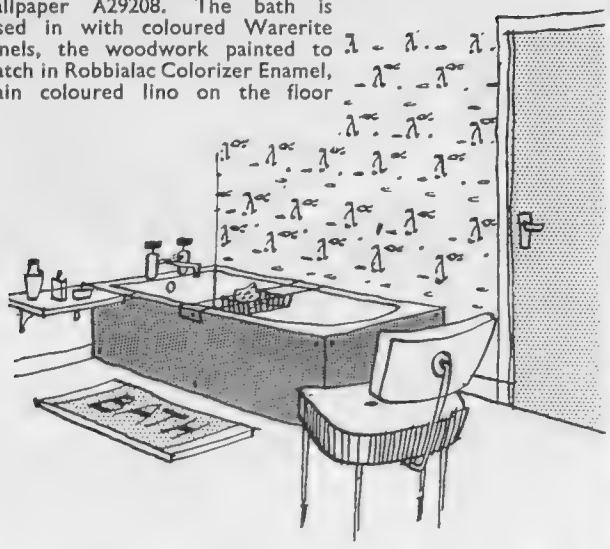


Variations on the "odd wall" theme. Use a spot design wallpaper on one end and have the other walls painted, colour matching the wallpaper background using Robbialac Colorizer Suède Finish Paint. Or you could combine two colour-matched patterned papers, such as Crown L46577 and L46594, on page 66



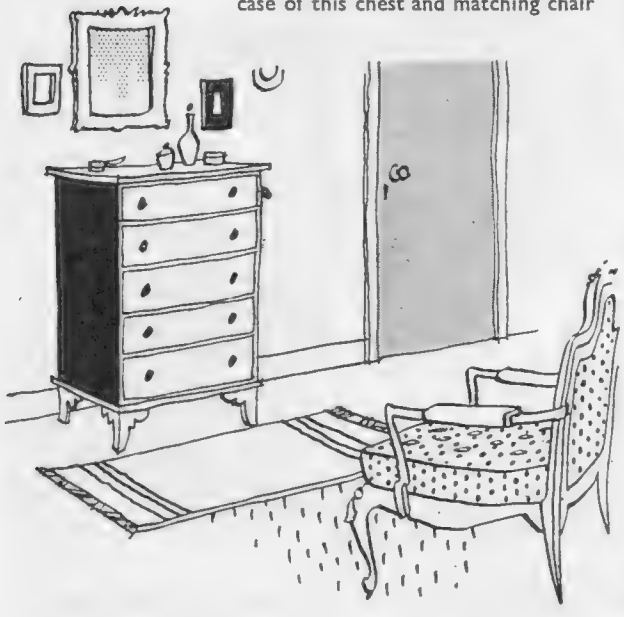
Illusionism in a narrow hall, with the aid of mirrors. For the complete illusion of a double-sized room, glaze the wall from ceiling to floor, not overlooking the possibilities of tinted glass for giving a soft warm reflected light. Fitted carpet, adding to the sense of spaciousness, is a less costly luxury with rubber-backed carpeting. A tufted canvas-set carpeting of this kind is now available in neat all-over design from Ridgway Stores, Manchester, at 39s. 11d. a yard, 54 in. wide

Colour scheme for the bathroom, based on a penguin-patterned Crown wallpaper A29208. The bath is cased in with coloured Warerite panels, the woodwork painted to match in Robbialac Colorizer Enamel, plain coloured lino on the floor



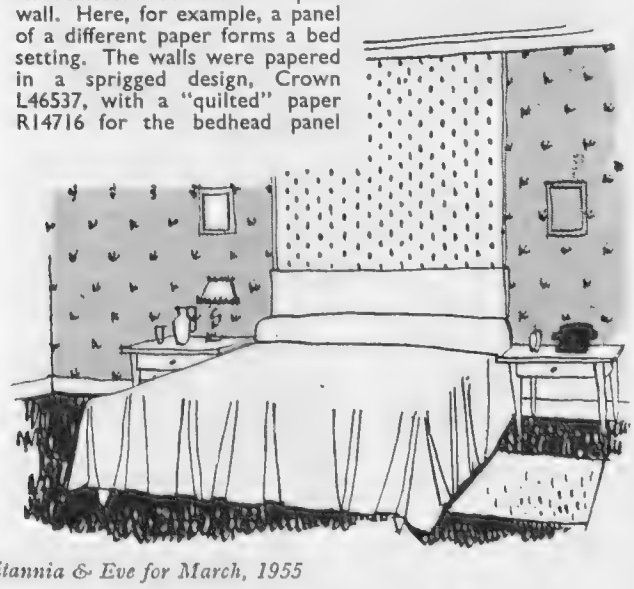
Wallpapers, paints, materials • Wallpapers,

Repainting lends new life to shabby furniture. Leyland Qik quick drying lacquer is suitable for furniture painting. Combining two colours can often reform out-dated pieces, as in the case of this chest and matching chair



Wallpapers, paints, materials • Wallpapers,

Variations in wallpaper can make an architectural feature on a plain wall. Here, for example, a panel of a different paper forms a bed setting. The walls were papered in a sprigged design, Crown L46537, with a "quilted" paper R14716 for the bedhead panel



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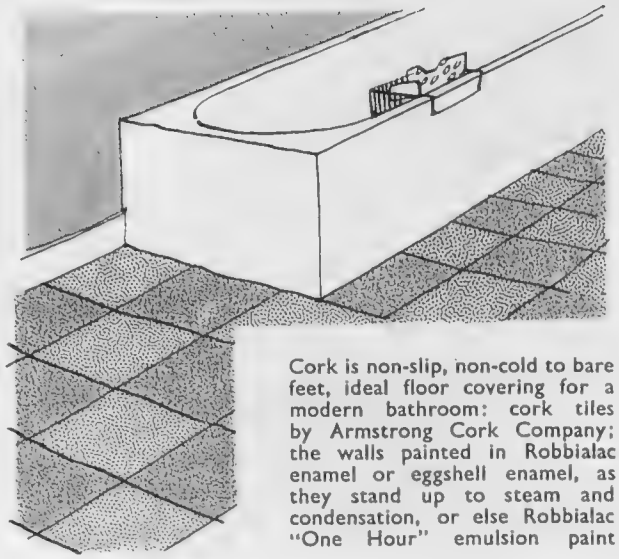
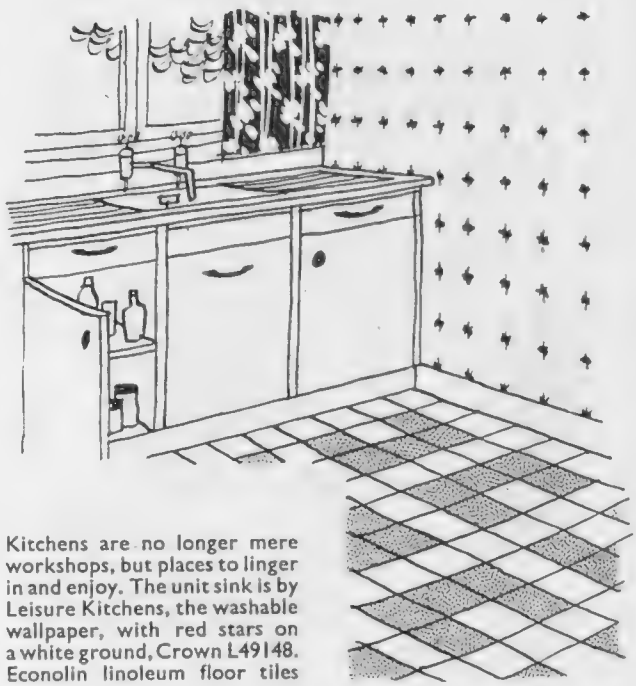


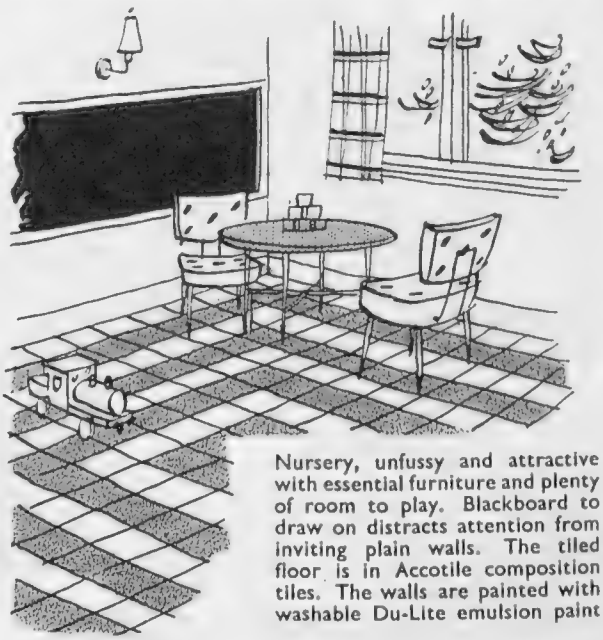
Cork is non-slip, non-cold to bare feet, ideal floor covering for a modern bathroom: cork tiles by Armstrong Cork Company; the walls painted in Robbialac enamel or eggshell enamel, as they stand up to steam and condensation, or else Robbialac "One Hour" emulsion paint

Wallpapers, paints, materials • Wallpapers.

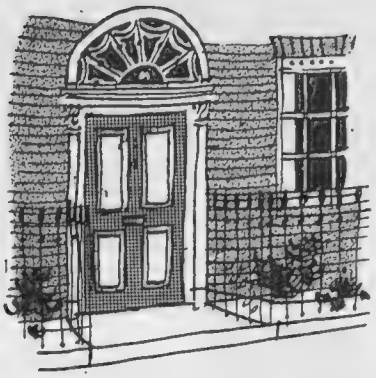


Kitchens are no longer mere workshops, but places to linger in and enjoy. The unit sink is by Leisure Kitchens, the washable wallpaper, with red stars on a white ground, Crown L49148. Econolin linoleum floor tiles

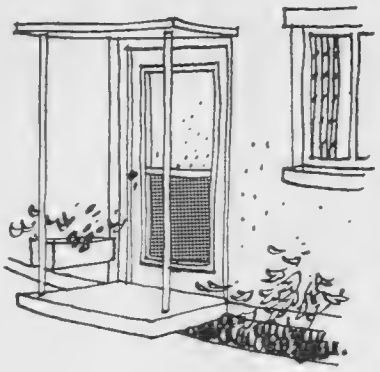
Wallpapers, paints, materials • Wallpapers.



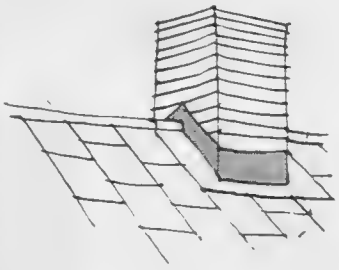
Nursery, unfussy and attractive with essential furniture and plenty of room to play. Blackboard to draw on distracts attention from inviting plain walls. The tiled floor is in Accotile composition tiles. The walls are painted with washable Du-Lite emulsion paint



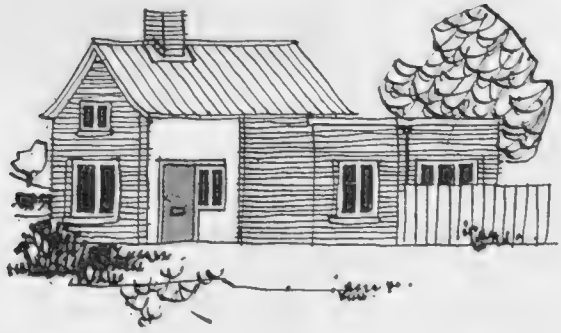
Traditional door in a clear primary colour. Bright yellow Paripan Dryfast Enamel was used for the door, grey emulsion paint on the stone work, black high gloss enamel on the railings. The result is gay, yet in tune with the perfection of Georgian proportions

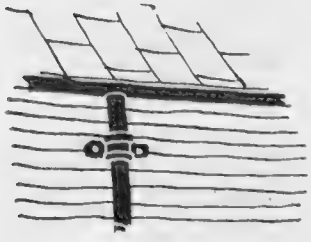


The young idea of a front door : a similar version might appear on any modern home in the new idiom, and one can lash out in informal near-eccentric colours. This caught the eye (as a front door should) in tangerine Dulux gloss finish paint, the surround in sparkling white



Exteriors—work on the outside of the house should be both protective and decorative. Strictly protective, sheet lead flashing at the base of chimney and around copings of a flat roof. Paint—of the right kind—is a protection in itself. For metal window frames, use appropriate I.C.I. metal primer, a high gloss paint and undercoat





Bitumastic paint protects guttering and drain pipes. Stucco around the door can be painted with Du-Lite emulsion paint. Treat damp patches, inside and out, with Kuro waterproof paint

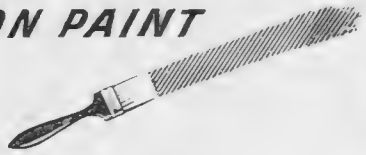
more and more home decorators are specifying

PARIPAN

DRYFAST ENAMEL AND

PAREMUL

EMULSION PAINT



Supplied in a wide range of modern pastel shades—your own patterns can be matched if required

PARIPAN LIMITED, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1

CURTAINS FOR A REGENCY DINING ROOM

This is one of a series of "Rufflette" curtain style advertisements. Why not cut out and collect the set?

STRIKE A NEW CURTAIN NOTE!

Springtime is curtain time . . . away with those old drab drapes and bring new curtain beauty to your windows. Already in the shops are a thousand thrilling new patterns and colours. See them . . . and remember, you will need to make your new curtains or have them made with

'Rufflette'

Pat. & Regd. BRAND

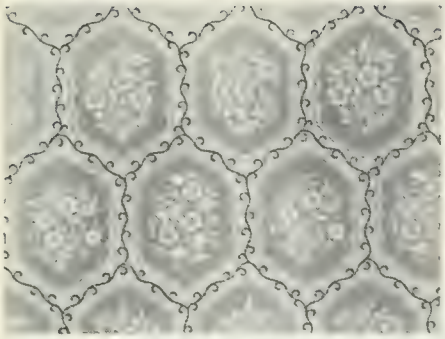
CURTAIN TAPE with HOOKS or RINGS

"Rufflette" Brand Tape costs only 9d. per yard. By the makers of "Rufflette" brand Curtain Runway, THOMAS FRENCH & SONS LTD., Manchester & London. Associate Company in U.S.A.

REG. TRADE MARK

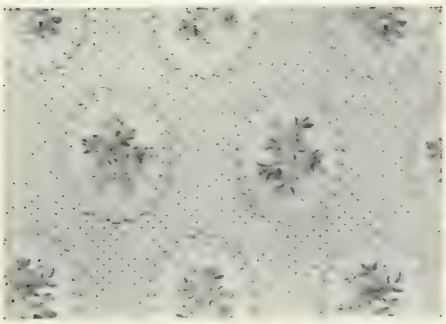
RUFFLETTE BRAND

As an alternative to the "odd wall" scheme on page 62, combine the two Crown wallpapers on the left, L46577, a grey, white and yellow medallion motif, and L46594, a lime ground with white flowers. The attic bedroom on page 61 has a sprigged and spotted Crown wallpaper, R14899, on one wall, a self-striped paper on the other; two Crown wallpapers, below, L46537 and R14716 are suggested for the bedroom on page 63, the pink and white sprig on grey ground for the walls, the quilting paper for the bedhead panel; Sanderson's Ex54109 in two colour ways for the dinette on page 60; Penguins and fish on the Crown wallpaper, A29208, in blues, white and red set the bathroom colour scheme on page 63; the white paper with red stars, Crown L49148, is used in the kitchen on page 64; the chicken paper, Lancastria 6100 at Sandersons, for the kitchen on page 60



Crown L46577

Crown L46594



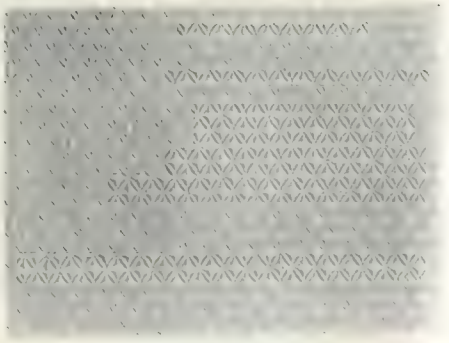
Crown R14899

Crown A29208

Crown L49148

Lancastria 6100

Crown L46537



Crown R14716

Sanderson Ex54109

INFORMATION

Manufacturers and suppliers of paints and materials mentioned on pages 59-66 are as follows:

PAINTS

Paripan Dryfast Enamel; Walpamur Water Paint; Leyland V.I.P. Plastic Emulsion Paint and Qik Lacquer; Robbialac Colorizer Suede Finish Paint and Enamel; Finish Paint; Robbialac Colorizer Enamel; Robbialac Eggshell Enamel; Robbialac "One Hour" Emulsion Paint; Duradio Enamel Paint; I.C.I. Du-Lite Emulsion Paint; I.C.I. Dulux Gloss Finish Paint; I.C.I. Metal Primer; bitumastic paint, all from good decorators' merchants. Kuro Decorative Waterproof Paint from builders' merchants—for addresses write to Devon Paints, Ltd., Barnstable, Devon.

WALLPAPERS

Crown wallpapers from good decorators' merchants, Sanderson's and Lancastria wallpapers from Arthur Sanderson and Sons Ltd., 52 Berners Street, W.1, or from decorators' merchants.

FLOORING AND SURFACING MATERIALS

Linoleum from good household stores; Linovent Underlay, samples and stockists from Engert and Rolfe Ltd., Barchester Street, London, E.14; Marleytile floor tiles, from The Marley Tile Company Ltd., London Road, Riverhead, Sevenoaks, Kent. Patterned rubberized carpeting, Ridgway Stores, 122-124 Grosvenor Street, Manchester, 1.

Accotile composition tile flooring and cork flooring; details from Armstrong Cork Company, Ltd., Bush House, Aldwych, W.C.2; Econolin linoleum tiles by The Linoleum Manufacturing Co. Ltd., 6 Old Bailey, E.C.4.

Klingdecor plastic-surfaced sheeting from C. V. Creffield, Leyborne Wharf, Horton Bridge Road, West Drayton, Middlesex; information regarding glass wall panels and fluted glass from the Glass Advisory Council, 6 Mount Row, London, W.1; Armstrong's Cork tiles, Bush House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2; Warerite plastic sheeting, Warerite Ltd., Ware, Hertfordshire.

OTHER MATERIALS

Vynide, by I.C.I., from Selfridge Ltd., Oxford Street, London, W.1; English Rose kitchen fitments from C.S.A. Industries Ltd., 229 Regent Street, London, W.1; Leisure kitchen cabinets, information from Wallis and Co. (Long Eaton) Ltd., Nottingham.

(*Continued from page* 59)

than cheap distemper and really does dry in an hour, dries, moreover, without smell: both specially important points in the kitchen. This paint can be had in ninety-nine different shades and gives a tough, durable surface that can even be scrubbed if necessary.

For walls in living-rooms and bedrooms an oil-bound water paint like "Walpamur" has many advantages. It is easily mixed with cold water and is easy to use, either with a roller or wide distemper brush. Unlike ordinary distempers this doesn't rub off in use and—joy to the home decorator—involves little in the way of preparation except removing loose plaster and filling small cracks.

An ingenious system introduced for both "Walpamur" and the toning enamel paint, "Duradio," practically abolishes the "standard" shade card altogether. All the colours are intermixable, so the makers have produced a whole new "standard" range by mixing the originals on a fifty-fifty basis. Since the composition of each new colour is given, it's a simple matter to vary them almost endlessly by altering the proportions of the constituents.

Damp is almost an indigenous (*Continued on page* 69)

The irresistible charm of

English Rose

— Britain's most beautiful range of Kitchen Equipment

Although invested with an aura of glamour, "English Rose" is the last word in down-to-earth practicability. The new "English Rose" Kitchen-Planning Book contains a wealth of sensible modern ideas and information, and is offered free to everyone contemplating a new kitchen or modernising an old one. It tells you also all about the "English Rose" Kitchen-Planning Service. Write for YOUR copy today . . . ask for publication ER 107

"English Rose" kitchen equipment includes sink units, floor cabinets, wall cupboards, refrigerators, gas or electric cookers, domestic boiler, serving trolley and ventilating assembly — all styled to match. Available as a completely planned kitchen or one unit at a time.

C.S.A. INDUSTRIES LTD., WARWICK. *London Showrooms: 229/231 Regent Street, W.1. Telephone REGent 2435*

L.G.B.

CHARMIAN 65/-

EARLSWOOD 69/9

FIONA 65/-

Spring-sleeked Tapering

FIGARO 65/-

Glossy, sleek as pussy willow, Spring's smooth-tapered styles. Light, slim, luxuriously lissom in the soft-schooled leathers of Country Club.

EARLSWOOD Evergreen or black calf ; also filbert or redwood Character Calfskin.

CHARMIAN Black calf ; or teak Character Calfskin.

FIONA Black calf ; or teak Character Calfskin.

FIGARO Pageant blue smooth leather ; also teak or filbert Character Calfskin.

Clarks

Country Club

for town days and country ways

Nearest shop? write CLARKS, Dept. A.2, Street, Somerset—and ask for a style leaflet

(*Continued from page* 66)

complaint in this country. But paint can help even here. "Kuro" waterproof paint will seal a damp wall effectively, even before it's dried out (though it cannot be used if the surface is actually running with water). If necessary, you can paper or paint over this waterproof layer in the ordinary way.

But it's always wise to seek the *cause* of damp patches. It may be that the joint between a bay window and wall is not sufficiently protected or moisture may seep in at the base of a flue or vent pipe. In many such cases, a piece of sheet lead properly fixed will prevent further trouble. (Incidentally, you can obtain a useful free booklet on the subject from the Lead Development Association, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.)

It is fitting that designers and manufacturers in recent years have been at special pains to improve conditions in the kitchen which is, after all, the engine-room of the house. Once upon a time, if you used wallpaper in kitchen or bathroom it had to be coated with a treacly varnish that coarsened colours and patterns. Today, there are inexpensive papers that are spongeable and yet have a pleasant matt surface. And patterns like the lively little star on a white ground from Crown Wallpapers are as delicate and charming as any in the house.

For more permanent wall treatments in kitchen or bathroom there is a host of new materials or old materials in new guises which virtually eliminate maintenance altogether. There are plastics like "Formica" and "Klingdecor" whose gay colours are kept daisy-fresh with a damp cloth and which, moreover, are excellent insulating materials, that is, they tend to keep a room warm in winter and cool in summer.

Plastics of this type have become almost inevitable for working tops in the kitchen: they are hygienic, cool, heat-resisting and to all intents and purposes stainproof. But positively antique kitchen fitments can be brought up-to-the-minute with new tops of plastics, which can be bought in ready-to-use panels. An old kitchen table, for example, can be modernized literally in a few minutes by fixing an extra top of plastic with the metal corner brackets that cost a copper or two from any ironmonger.

"Vitrolite," which is the specially treated coloured glass often used for modern bath panels and splash-backs, is, too, an excellent walling material where a permanent waterproof surface is wanted. And there's no need to go on suffering an old-fashioned bath on legs when it can almost certainly be quickly and cheaply built-in with off-the-peg panels of this kind.

What about floors? There's no need to go on bearing with a cold stone floor or concrete that is a legacy of postwar building restrictions. Linoleum itself, if fixed professionally, will make a room warmer and provide the resilience that is so essential to foot health, especially if laid on a springy, damp-resisting underlayer of "Linovent." This actually increases the life of lino on any floor by cushioning any irregularities in the surface.

We're apt, in this country, to neglect cork tiles, except in the bathroom. Yet, as the Americans know, they are ideal for living-rooms. They are warm and resilient, almost permanent and, if treated properly to start with, need little attention other than sweeping. Because, in addition, they are sound-absorbing, they are almost the only practical alternative to lino in the nursery.

Then there are the so-called "plastic" tiles, most of which can be laid on any type of sub-floor. "Marleytiles," for example, are made from asbestos and plastics so they have the properties of both. They are rot-proof, damp-proof and are undamaged by grease and many chemicals, but, in addition, they are fire-retarding. There is almost no limit to the "exclusive" designs that can be made with tiles like this since any of the many colours can be combined in one floor and there are narrow strip tiles which can be used in a score of ways to add interest and contrast to the pattern.

Cork and plastic tiles *must* be professionally laid and, even on an ordinary wood floor, linoleum will give better service if laid by an expert.

END

Holiday's End

(*Continued from page* 12)

"How did you know?"

"Last night—don't you remember?—your father and Foster talking about being all set for the Mona Lisa this morning, and the science congress this afternoon, and you for the shops."

"Yes," she said, "but the time—how did you know what time I'd be going?"

"An hour waiting for Beauty to appear in a doorway," he told her airily, "passes very quickly."

"Beauty in search of shoes and a hat!"

"Good. There's nothing I'd rather do this morning than sit and watch you try on one bit of enchanting nonsense after another."

She was somewhat taken aback at this prospect. Part of her tried to say no, the other part hurried her on. It was as though the exhilarating lift of the morning were in her blood, the foreignness of the scene, the chairs and tables on the pavement of the café opposite, the pale tender height of the sky.... Holiday, she re-assured herself: this was holiday, and let him pilot her into his car... forward into the maze whose velvet paths beckoned enticingly.

When they came out from buying the hat—and Sam's expert knowledge of hats was surprising—Irene hadn't yet told him that she was engaged to David Foster.

She still hadn't told him an hour later when, shoes shopped for, too, they sat in the restaurant together. Weakly, at first she had refused his suggestion of luncheon, but here she was, beside him on the red velvet *banquette*, entering into the serious three-cornered conference with the head-waiter.

The conference over, Sam leant back and sighed contentedly. "Ah! this is nice. This is wonderful! This is magnificent!"

"Are you always as exalted as this?" she asked, coolly concealing a like sensation in herself.

"Pretty often," he admitted. "I plan for pleasure as other men plan their careers. Did you know that your eyes are exactly the same colour as your hair? Topaz. Or a very precious Amontillado."

She hesitated only a second. "That's just what David says." Her voice was light.

"David? Don't tell me he has an eye as discerning as mine?"

"It seems so. We're engaged, you know. We're going to be married in September."

The oysters arrived and the wine. Sam flapped open his napkin and spread it over his knee. "Ah well, I shall just have to be like Dante! All my life having only admired you from a distance, seen you once passing down a street, crossing a bridge. Do tell me if these oysters are the way you like them?"

After lunch they got into the car and without plan drove out into the country. Small villages succeeded the suburbs... straight roads, tree-bordered... farms and hedgerows—"So like England," she said: "So like Heaven!" he mocked. They left the car and strolled over field paths. He linked his arm loosely through hers—"Just a bad foreign habit," he told her, "carrying no over-tones. It makes one feel safer, somehow, don't you think, less at the mercy of nature, crossing open country."

No over-tones, she reminded herself, trying not to feel this thrill at his touch. Or was it that? Or just the scent of the hawthorn, and the ecstatic song of the larks rising up on either side?... "the rustle of spring...."

SO the afternoon ebbed, with easy talk and laughter, and coffee at a tiny *estaminet*... and the hat that he'd insisted on her buying—a crown of cornflowers with a whiff of veiling—didn't seem a bit too frivolous for the occasion... and with the sunset in their faces they drove slowly back to Paris.

David and Mr. Massingham were drinking Dubonnets in the lounge of the hotel when Irene got in. Crossing swiftly, she sat down and told them about her day with Sam.

David looked at her admiringly. "You look wonderful, darling, the country jaunt's done you good." He dropped a swift kiss on her cheek. "The sun's kiss has been here first!" he said, and laughed at his own flight into the poetic.

That evening they dined quietly at the hotel, and tact or tiredness took Mr. Massingham early to bed. Irene and David went to a film. Alone together in the darkness David held her hand in his warm, firm clasp; and to Irene the sun-drenched day behind her was like a troubling dream that you force out of mind on waking.

David's science business took him out of Paris for the next few days, and Irene flitted between her father and Sam Russell like an uneasy spirit; sight-seeing with her father, then when he went off to look up one of his cronies at the Sorbonne, hurrying away to meet Sam. Twice a day, morning and evening, David telephoned her from Rouen, and she heard his voice, warm and eager, calling her back to the thought of him, to the brilliant career he was carving out for himself, to the house that they'd planned to build, to marriage and safety and September.

On the last morning, after her telephone talk with David, she put down the receiver and tried to banish the quick stab of dismay that shot through her at the thought of stepping on to the plane tomorrow. To leave Paris? Not to see Sam Russell again?...

Right by the telephone she stood motionless, like someone who has just heard of sudden disaster, taken possession of by that one bleak thought: not to see Sam again....

Then she shut down on the thought, as though banging shut a drawer, shutting away the last five days and turning the key. Nonsense! Absurd! What an exaggerated way to be feeling! She and Sam had just been amusing themselves for, what each knew to be, a brief interlude. It didn't mean a thing more than that to her. Or to him. This was what Paris was said to do to tourists, making them flighty, ready to go off the deep end at the lift of an eye.

Why, even her father was different here, took up a menu with, "What wine shall we drink with this?" At home they drank water. Stepping out of the hotel here he would instantly hail a taxi; they waited at bus stops at home. Anyhow, there was only one more day left of it all. Tonight she was seeing Sam for the last time. Tomorrow David would be back from Rouen, and they would leave for England at midday. Once home again life would resume its satisfactory pattern. *Finis*, Irene, she said, and no tragic ending, please....

That evening, soon after seven, when Irene and her father got back to the hotel, they found David in the lounge, returned from his trip a whole twelve hours earlier. The first few moments were swallowed up in a buzz of talk, but presently Mr. Massingham went upstairs and Irene and David were alone.

David pitched his overcoat on to a chair and called for a porter to take it and his bag up to his room. His mood was high, happy, his dark hair ruffled from the journey. His eyes took in with pleasure the picture Irene made in her light spring suit and her hat of cornflowers.

He said: "Darling, don't bother to go up and change. We'll go to some quiet little place where we can dine and dance just as we are. All right?"

"Of course. Yes," she said, her voice bright with agreement. "Dad's having dinner with somebody or other. He's gone quite gay since you left." (*Continued on page* 70)

"You both look as though you'd been going gay," David laughed.

"We have, too! I'll just run along and telephone Sam Russell. I'd arranged to have dinner with him tonight, but I'll explain that you're back."

She had taken a few steps across the lounge when David stopped her. He said: "Wait . . . wait a minute, Irene."

She turned back. "Yes?"

"I mean, I don't want to upset your arrangements——"

"Oh, but David, of course he'll understand."

"—and leave the poor bloke with a busted evening. Anyhow, I've got a mass of notes that have to be written up before tomorrow. I'll get into them. You go, darling, don't put it off, enjoy yourself on your last evening here."

IRENE was surprised beyond further words. Inconsistently, she was even a shade nettled as she went up to her room to dress. Jealousy could be very boring, of course, but David's willingness to let her spend their last evening in Paris with another man was—well, hardly flattering, more, was wholly strange and incomprehensible . . .

She dressed and went downstairs to meet Sam who was waiting for her on the tick of eight.

Tomorrow was twelve hours away. Meanwhile the present was all that really mattered, the unsubstantial illusory present. The orchestra was every bit as inviting, her step and Sam's as harmonious, as on the first evening, dinner another of those clever French dinners, and champagne with it tonight. As Sam said: "Must give you a really good send-off, Irene," and smiled down at her as he held the light to her cigarette; smiling into her eyes that look that had set her heart beating oddly when it had met hers across this very room only five nights ago. Five nights and days of a dream, and now, in an hour or so, she would wake and life would go on again. . . .

And now the evening was over.

As soon as the car stopped outside her hotel Irene made a movement to get out. No less readily Sam came round and opened the door for her.

"Well . . good night, Sam," she said, and gave him her hand.

"Good night, Irene. Good night and goodbye." Her hand stayed in his no longer than it need. "You're catching a midday plane, aren't you? Foster'll be back from Rouen early, I suppose."

She said briefly: "He's back. He got back this evening before I came out."

There was a moment's pause. "Oh, did he? Successful trip?"

"Very."

"I believe he's going a long way in that outfit he's in."

"Yes, I believe so. But how did you know? Has Father been boasting?"

"No, I heard it from my father."

She stared. "*Your* father?"

"Yes. He's the head of that business, you know, chairman of the board of management."

"Oh . . . is he? . . . Is he?" Her face was curiously still in the checkered light through the plane trees.

Sam asked: "Why do you look so surprised?"

"Nothing . . . I didn't know that your father was—was that. That he knew David."

"Didn't you? Well, he does. I mentioned in a letter that I'd been seeing something of you and your father and Foster, and the old man wrote back that they thought very highly of him. Apparently there's an appointment to be made shortly in the works and he said that Foster had a very good chance of getting it."

WHEN Irene got upstairs she took off her cloak, folded it carefully as though for packing and laid it on a chair. Her movements were slow, her face devoid of expression. She picked up a comb and ran it without looking at herself through the topaz-coloured hair; crossing to the window she fixed a shutter; then came back and stood by the bed, staring down at the carpet. . . .

The hotel was quiet. A few sounds from the street came up, taxis with their insistent horns. There had been no light under her father's door, nor David's, when she had passed. She looked at her watch. Only ten minutes—eight, actually—since she had said goodbye to Sam downstairs. . . .

Suddenly she came to life, snatched up her cloak and threw it over her shoulders, left her room and hurried out of the hotel. A taxi depositing its fare was only a step away. She hailed it and got in. Sam had mentioned a café near his hotel where he often dropped in for a last drink when in Paris. She gave the address of it.

It was a modest little place, almost empty at the moment. Sam was sitting alone at the far side of the room, head lowered, hands cupping the drink before him, eyes gazing down into it.

She hurried across. "Sam. . . ."

He looked up, sprang up. "Irene!"

Neither sat down, she spoke quickly, like someone delivering a message with barely a moment to spare: "Sam, I had to see you again tonight. There's something I particularly want to ask you. A favour, really. Something I want you to do for me."

He murmured the conventional words: "Of course. Only too glad. Anything I can do. What is it?"

"It's this. Have you much influence with your father?"

SAM's expression hardened, his eyes left her face and dropped to his drink again, he put out a hand and tinkled the spoon against the coffee cup. "Yes, quite a lot, I'd say," he said shortly. "We're very good friends."

"Good. That's what I was hoping. I want to know if you could write to him—about that appointment—and put in a word for David. I wouldn't suggest it, of course, if I didn't know that David was really brilliant, and that everyone thinks so. . . ."

Ah, yes, really brilliant. And ambitious!

Up in her room a few minutes ago the full extent of David's ambition had suddenly been made clear to her. It was because of this ambition that he had so willingly allowed—no, encouraged—her to spend the last evening with Sam Russell. The Russell friendship—father via son—could be of untold value to David in the future in moulding his career. Yes, that was it. . . .

BUT? . . . but? What about herself? Hadn't she become engaged to David six months ago largely because she had looked forward to being the wife of an important and successful man? She had. She knew now that she had. When really the only reasons for marriage were those reasons that the heart knows—this love that she had for Sam, this crazy longing that would make her follow him into the desert, live in a tent with him, go anywhere just to be with him—if only he beckoned. . . .

He was saying, his eyes still avoiding hers: "It's all right, Irene, don't look so worried. I'll write to my father tomorrow. I will do anything for you if—if it's for your happiness."

"Thanks, Sam." And all at once she laughed a little unsteadily. "Only, it's not for my happiness."

"What do you mean?"

"It's just that I want to do David a last good turn. Give him a sort of un-wedding present. I like him so much—but I don't love him—and I know now that I can't ever marry him. . . ."

There, she had said it—and suddenly the doubts and anxieties of the past five days were swept away.

Sam looked up, his eyes flashed a sudden wild question, met the joy, the tears in hers. He dropped the spoon with a clatter. The table was no longer between them. He had caught her hands and pulled her round, down on to the bench beside him, had taken her in his arms and was kissing her, kissing her; was telling her that he'd loved her insanely from the very first moment; that he'd never been cut out for the role of Dante—nor she for David's wife!—that she mustn't mind the publicity of his declaration or the unromantic surroundings, because only the old waiter and the café cat were within earshot and neither of them spoke English . . .

END

Quite Contrary (*Continued from page* 13)

leans towards Alec Guinness, Continental films or adventurous epics like *The Conquest Of Everest.*

Liz likes emotion laid on thick. All she asks is one man and one woman, playing on each other's nerves until you can see the sparks. As for conquering mountains she would rather the heroes were snug and comfortable at home.

Theatres we both enjoy for utterly opposing reasons.

I like to roll about helpless from my own laughter at the contortions of any funny man. She likes to sit tense-eyed and frowning trying to follow the intellectual acrobats of C. Fry and B. Shaw.

Like most men I prefer to make considered judgments and have a degree of intellectual argument to back up my opinions. This is sheer bosh to my dear wife who seems to thrive on snap judgments. The annoying thing is that she is—more often than not—right.

Even in the smallest things we don't see eye to eye. At night she likes so much air in the room that the eiderdown begins to heave and nearly take off. For me, the window down a modest inch *at the top.*

Liz is ruled by the clock: lunch at *one* (not even five past); tea at four precisely and dinner slap on the stroke of seven-thirty. This drives me to the edge of claustrophobia, but I haven't been able to budge her yet.

Clocks to my mind were made for man not man for clocks, and I am sometimes tempted to fling the lot out of the window. Liz talks of slovenly living, lack of moral fibre (feminine reasoning?) and tramp temperament.

Never let it be said that I ascribe to the keep-yourself-to-yourself dictum, but I do say that there should be limits to fraternization. A train journey plus Liz is a free-for-all. From behind the sheltering screen of my paper, I can hear her animated conversations with complete strangers about their families and their private affairs. A lull in the conversation tells me that snaps are being passed round.

It's much the same in restaurants.

Liz is on terms with the waiter at the soup stage and with the coffee she is commiserating about his aching feet.

MY wife's enthusiasms are her undoing. A slow starter, me, I am at least a stayer. If I listened to Liz I should take up every newism, try the latest diet—even get myself psycho-analysed—but I don't. I know from experience that she would be with me at the kick off but I should soon be left playing the game alone.

One might see in this all the components for a first-class case of incompatibility.

Not so.

There are compensations that more than make up for this seeming tug of war.

We are happy I believe because we accept each other's foibles and don't try too hard to change them. We find it easy to laugh at ourselves and apologizing never comes hard. And, perhaps this is the sweetest bond of all, we would rather be with each other than with anyone else on earth.

The moral (if there is one) seems to be that you can break all the rules and still be on the winning side. Neither of us, I think, is interested in scoring against the other. Our team indulges in some pretty rough play at times, but there is only one goal.

END

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What's In A Face? (*Continued from page 15*)

If the form of the brow, the set of the eyes, the size of the nose and the shape of the mouth and jaw are fashioned by hereditary organic laws, then it may be equally true to say that the appearance of these organic structures is in turn fashioned by the ego-personality itself. The look, the expression, the tone of the very features themselves may disclose or cover-up the natural character.

No two persons, however alike, can be found to have perfectly similar faces; nor perfectly similar minds and characters. Nor are there any fixed rules, but a few *certain* principles, combined with a careful study of the infinite variations of the faces of individuals, enables a student of physiognomy to develop an accurate judgment of character.

Life does not stand still. There is constant movement towards good or evil—the positive or the negative state. The countenance does not stand still; it also moves in faithful image of personal human experience; it relates the journey, stage by stage, for better or for worse, spiritually in loving usefulness or selfish indulgence; organically as in accident, sickness or age.

To begin the study, the first principle to note is that for the more truthful results, the face should be in repose, not animated. Observe the bone structure when the features are quiet and the lines of the flexible features when motionless.

The forehead :—it is a common error to regard a "high" forehead as of necessity a "good" one. The perfect forehead should be the same height as the *nose* and measure one-third of the whole face. It should be oval-arched or nearly square at the top; project at the base and retreat at the top. The skin should be more clean and smooth than elsewhere on the face; free from wrinkles and yet be able to "wrinkle" flexibly expressions of deep thought, anger, pain, etc.

Eyebrows should be horizontal, showing a pure curve when seen from above. A small hollow should be felt when a hand is passed slowly across the forehead.

The eyes :—The pigments of colouring most common to the eyes are orange, yellow, blue, green, grey and grey mixed with white. Blue and orange form the most common combination—the blue mainly overshading the flecks of orange.

There are *no* black eyes : only deep brown, yellow or orange, which when seen from a distance or turned towards the light, appear black. Such eyes are beautiful, because of the contrast with the white. They compete with the blue eye for "firmness" and intense degrees of both "black" or "blue" eyes indicate fire and vivacity, but the "black" have greater strength of expression and the "blue" greater archness. It is uncommon for the iris to appear green.

The eyebrows :—Regular, well-arched eyebrows are the prerogative of women; horizontal eyebrows belong to man.

When the natural eyebrow is both arched and horizontal, i.e. very slightly arched, the balanced human qualities of womanly gentleness or manly mind and energy will be co-existent.

IT is erroneous to believe that eyebrows which meet denote "deceit"—such brows are to be found in the face of many honest natures.

The mouth :— The mouth is the symbol of the sensuous because it is the outer organ of the digestive system. It is also the outlet of the voice and frames the speech.

The upper lip signifies the spiritual in character; the lower lip the sensual. The upper lip should therefore control and not be controlled by the lower.

The mouth should be medium in size, either extremes of large or small tend to animalize the natural sensuality, but character is determined mainly in the corners.

Men should have reasonably large mouths to indicate energy and women smaller mouths, though not too small. The straight line mouth in either sex denotes coldness; industry; precision; but when accompanied by an "upward curve" at the corners, affectation and vanity may be added to the former attributes.

The chin :— The perfect chin should neither project nor retreat.

To *know* others, one must first *know* oneself : A precise observation is essential to the study of physiognomy. In some unguarded moment a sudden change may disclose in the features a hitherto covered attribute of character where the person has for years practised a "mask-like" cover for the otherwise "open book" of the face.

Memorize the "mask"; look for it in others, watch for the "unguarded moment," and with practise one will come to read under the "masked" face concepts of character which the individual has sought to hide for one reason or another—or even from habit.

If a face betrays constraint, look for some deep, secret cause.

Princess Lieven, whose portrait appears on page 15, proved an apt subject for character reading as indicated by this article. Compare with the face-reading indications of her character given alongside her picture on page 15 her character as revealed by her life-story : She was a precocious child, falling in love at the age of eleven with Count Elempt, with whom she kept up a secret correspondence. She married Count Christopher Lieven at the age of fifteen. At this time she was frivolous, but gifted with an intelligence and vivacity above average. An incurable romantic and idealist with a warm passionate nature. In 1812 the couple arrived in England, he as Russian Ambassador. In 1818 she met Metternich at the Conference of Aix-la-Chapelle and they became lovers. A year later her fourth son was born, miscalled by some wits "the child of the Congress." She became hostess of a distinguished political salon, an acknowledged leader of fashion and society and a real adept at diplomacy and intrigue. Witty and amusing, shrewd judge of human character and personality, caustic tongue. She had many enemies.

END

Elizabeth And Her Surrey Garden

(*Continued from page 16*)

Last autumn, because it was wet and we were behind with our clearing up, we decided to leave the gladioli in the herbaceous borders and see how they fared. It certainly saved me an enormous amount of work and because our soil is light and well-drained we hope that most of them will survive and come up happily—anyway it was worth trying. There are such varieties of gladioli now—and they are no trouble beyond staking—that one hardly knows which to use. I like to have both the large-flowered and the smaller types in the garden but the *Primulinus* and Butterfly varieties (these are the more delicate ones) are easier to use for flower arrangements. The Butterfly varieties are not plentiful but I like them best of all for growing in herbaceous borders, because a clump of them needs only one stake with a tie round, instead of individual stakes. They seldom grow much higher than three feet.

The rock garden has given me more fun and satisfaction and I'm sure more hard work than any other part of the garden since we came here. We step out of our dining-room over incredibly old, large and uneven stones which slope gently up to the old barn and lawn. When we came it was a tangled wilderness of damask roses, thyme, fennel, aubretias, creeping jenny and other plants all fighting for existence, so we decided to clear them all away and have the flagstones as a sort of terrace leading to a rock garden on the slope.

It took us nearly a month to barrow away two tons of Bargate rock, keeping back the pieces we needed to use again... Our house is built of brick and Bargate on the rock itself and my guess is that in digging the foundations of the house almost enough stone was found to build it. Anyway, by autumn of that year the rock garden was ready and we were putting in rock plants and small bulbs, dwarf conifers and some red and green Acers. The following summer we pulled it apart a bit and with the advice of a friend, who is a landscape architect, built a stream with a series of small waterfalls which now splash gaily down into an irregular-shaped pool. Roy laid on the water himself and installed an electric pump in the barn and by pressing a switch and turning a valve our stream and waterfall spring to life.

Almost as soon as it was first filled the children were sailing boats, and fishing, and before long Alison fell in. There was no serious damage. Just a cut chin, but she has had a healthy respect for the pool since.

We planned to have goldfish, but I wonder whether it would be fair to the fish, Toddy our cat being the hunter he is. It means yet another batch of livestock for me to feed. Anyhow I feel I ought to know more about goldfish before we adopt any.

Early in January colour twinkled in the rock garden. There was *Crocus chrysanthus* white, mauve and yellow; *Iris Danfordiae* and *Iris histrioides* major; *Scilla Tuber geniana* and, of course, snowdrops. Snow covered them at one point but they emerged as brilliant and beautiful as ever.

Though I carefully labelled every plant or group of bulbs we put in, we made a planting plan as well and very glad we were as it turned out because Rusty developed a passion for the flavour of labels, and chewed them, one by one, very thoroughly so that when we came to put in more bulbs last autumn we should have dug up as many as we put in —but for the Plan.

I love the flower garden, but Roy has a special weakness for the vegetable patch. I can understand, because we do have great pleasure from our fresh vegetables. We work on the basis that the best is almost good enough if you can get it. After pooling our own experience with that of our friends we have now arrived at a satisfactory seed order. Here it is : For peas, we choose *Feltham First* or *Clipper*; Broad Beans, *Colossal*; Dwarf Beans, *Canadian Wonder*; Runner Beans, *Princeps*; Carrot, *Chantenay*; Lettuce, *Webb's Wonderful*; Turnip, *Golden Ball*.

I worry a little about the tomato crop this summer. Roy says I fuss—it can't be as cold and wet again—all the same just in case, we are double banking on them and growing *Market King* for the normal crop and *The Amateur*. The last is a dwarf bush tomato and if my pessimism should be justified they will grow entirely under cloches. So, fuss though I may, we shall have the best of both tomato worlds.

END

A House Can Have a Face Lift

(*Continued from page 20*)

though ripe for restoration and occupation in other ways. Many lack the typical cottage features of "beams" and old oak.

We show a typical example and suggest an alternative treatment. The aim is here to create the "country house" atmosphere rather than the cottage one—how successfully the picture on page 21 indicates.

Vertical tile-hanging along the whole of the front at first-floor level gives protection against driving rain, creates an illusion of all-one-length. A muddy patch of lawn is replaced by paving along the lines of that shown in the illustration on page 20, and the rickety old fence dispensed with. Here is charm and practicality combined—the welcome of flowers and a dry area to step on to from muddy lanes.

END

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The Eloquence Of Major Peppitt (*Continued from page 19*)

in marriage and then turn around again and say you didn't mean it, you've got another think comin'! You proposed to her an' I've witnesses who'll swear to it. Isn't that so, Willie?"

He swung round so suddenly that Willie instinctively ducked. Naturally, Willie had heard of the calf incident, same as everyone else. However lacking he might be in other respects, he could see when his teeth were liable to be rammed down his throat.

"Tha-that's what it sounded like, Ambrose," he agreed fearfully.

Ambrose thrust his face in the major's. "Well?"

"Oh, now wait a minute," Major Peppitt protested. "Willie, how can you stand there and——"

"He can stand there quite well," Ambrose roared, "or I'll break his back!"

Major Peppitt blanched. "But my dear Mr. Trotty," he said feebly, "I'm sure everything can be straightened out if you'll only give me a chance. Willie, tell . . ."

The front door slammed. Feet scampered past the kitchen window.

"Willie, come back here!" Major Peppitt said.

Strong fingers fastened on his collar.

"Not so fast," came Ambrose's voice. "You haven't given your answer yet."

"But Willie——"

"Never mind about Willie," Ambrose said dourly. "You aren't gettin' away that easy. Let me tell you somethin', Mr. Major Peppitt. Maybe I know more about the people o' this community than you do. If there's one thing we don't like, it's a welsher, 'specially when it concerns the future o' one o' our young folk. How's my daughter goin' to look an honest man in the eye ever again when it gets round she was proposed to and jilted all in the one day? And what about your own reputation?"

"Mine?"

"So far it's an honest one. How long's that goin' to last when it gets round what kind o' tricks you've been up to?"

Major Peppitt stared. Indeed, this was something he hadn't thought of. "But I tell you . . ." He sighed. Reasoning with Ambrose, he saw, was like chopping down timber with a razor blade. He turned to the girl. Perhaps she might be able to put sense in her father. "Miss Trotty, is it possible that you . . ."

ROSELLA had been standing quietly all this time, her eyes cast down demurely. Now she buried her face in her hands and burst into a furious sobbing.

In all his travelling Major Peppitt had never hardened himself to women's tears.

"Oh, please, Miss Trotty," he pleaded desperately. "Please don't."

"Boo hoo hoo hoo hoo," said Rosella.

"Answer my question," said Ambrose fiercely.

"Miss Trotty," the major pleaded.

"Are you goin' to answer my question?" said Ambrose, looking menacing.

"What question?"

"As to whether or not you're goin' to marry my daughter."

"I . . . I . . . I'll have to think it over," the major said frantically.

"Boo hoo hoo hoo hoo," from Rosella.

"Oh, dear!" said the major.

"When?" demanded Ambrose.

"I . . . I . . . I . . . I" The major was near the door. "Tomorrow. The next day. Sometime. I don't know."

The sobbing hadn't abated any. Ambrose didn't look any less menacing. There seemed only one thing to do and Major Peppitt did it. He bolted.

He pulled up only when he'd reached the main roadway.

When he'd sufficiently recovered his composure he sought out Willie. Willie, however, was reluctant to help. In the first place, he was really convinced the major had tried to steal Rosella for himself. Secondly, he wasn't sure he wanted her any more if Ambrose was *that* anxious to get rid of her. Thirdly, fourthly, fifthly and sixthly, he still had a regard for Ambrose's big fists. And seventhly, he didn't think his story would be believed now anyway. In all, so far as Willie was concerned, the major got nowhere.

THE following morning he went to see a man whom he considered the only other sensible one in the neighbourhood. The major related the story as accurately as he could, leaving out nothing. When he'd finished his friend, the doctor, burst out laughing.

"I'm glad you think it funny," the major said stiffly.

"I'm sorry," Doctor Collins apologized, "but you should see the expression on your face." He stopped smiling. "Well, one thing's obvious from the outset. Ambrose has his sights on making you a member of the family, whether you like it or not."

"Not if I can help it."

"You can. Refuse."

"But my reputation——"

"Oh, hang your reputation. Men have done worse in the community and been forgiven. It'll blow over after a little while." The doctor pressed his fingers together. "However, I'm wondering if there isn't a better solution."

"What?"

"Marry the girl. Now, now, take it easy. Don't go getting apoplexy. It's worth thinking about. She's a very desirable young woman. Half the men in the community'd give their ears to marry her. Besides, you aren't getting any younger, you know."

Major Peppitt bristled. "*Who* isn't?"

"Well, are you? Listen, Jonas. You can't stay single all your life. Don't you want to leave kids behind when you die?"

"Well . . . well . . . I . . . why, naturally."

"All right then, here's your chance. Where else would you find so perfect a choice? Youth, beauty, character, all rolled in one. Want to know something else? There are nine children in her family. Nine, think of that. Her grandmother had seven. That wouldn't suggest she isn't prolific, now would it?"

Major Peppitt hesitated. He glanced to see if the doctor was by any chance poking fun at his expense, but Doctor Collins apparently was quite serious.

"You may never get such a good opportunity again," the doctor continued. "Take advantage of it."

Again Major Peppitt hesitated. The common sense of what the doctor had just said was beginning to sink in. To be perfectly truthful, it really had occurred to him that he ought to marry sometime. He had never quite got to the point of deciding when. Until now. Could it be that the moment had arrived? H'm . . . .

He rose.

"There may be something in what you suggest," he announced solemnly. "I'll give it serious thought."

"Do that," said Doctor Collins, "and let me know how you make out."

The friends shook hands soberly.

WHILE the major was in the act of settling down after dinner that evening to give himself to the serious thought he had mentioned, there came an interruption he hadn't bargained for. Mrs. Proctor requested that she have a word with him. It came to him vaguely that her behaviour during the course of the day had been more formal than usual. However, since it hadn't affected the quality of the meal he'd just eaten (that, he reflected smugly, had been at its appetizing best) he put it down to his imagination. Without hesitation then he agreed to the request.

"Very well, Mrs. Proctor."

The housekeeper commenced by placing her palms on the table. Recognizing this as a warning signal, the major stiffened. The crossfire began.

"Major Peppitt, am I or am I not a satisfactory housekeeper?"

"Why, yes, very."

"Do I or do I not cook your meals in the way you desire?"

"You decidedly do."

"Am I untidy?"

"By no means."

"Extravagant?"

"Certainly not."

"Would you say I was an ugly woman?"

"Good lord, no!"

"Or shapeless?"

"Never."

"What about character?"

"Upstanding."

"My conversation?"

"Enlightening."

The housekeeper straightened. "Why then," she demanded, and a steely glint came into her eyes; "Why then," she repeated, "when you thought of taking a wife did you choose her instead of me?" Her lips closed in a tight line.

Major Peppitt opened his mouth, closed it again and opened it again. There were very few times in his life when he could admit to being thunderstruck. This was one of them.

"YOU needn't start to deny it," Mrs. Proctor said. "It's the gossip of the community. Never mind that. The community doesn't always gossip the truth. What I want to know is, is it so or isn't it?" She glared aggressively.

Major Peppitt felt a conspiracy of circumstance close around him. Surely that other Englishman he'd been reading about had not had to go through all this!

"Well, I . . . I . . . I . . . I don't really know what to say," he muttered feebly.

"What!" shrilled the housekeeper. "That does it! For a minute I thought it might have been an idle rumour. Apparently not. *So* then!" She marched to the door.

"Mrs. Proctor, where are you going?" The major sprang to his feet.

She turned. "I'm quitting, that's where I'm going!"

"Quitting!!!"

"Never have I been so insulted." Sniff.

"But——"

"When I think of all I've done for you." Another sniff.

"But——"

"Worked my fingers to the bone."

"Yes, but if you'd only let me——"

"I wouldn't mind too much if I thought she could look after you properly."

"Eh?"

"But she can't."

"Can't!"

"She's never done a day's work in her life."

"Never!"

"And when you get your first ulcer——"

"*ULCER!!!*"

"— don't say I didn't warn you." She went into the hallway, he following.

"But look here, Mrs. Proctor . . . what I mean is . . . this thing about an ulcer . . . you're joking, aren't you?"

"Am I? Ask anybody. They'll tell you. Why, she couldn't boil an egg to save her life." She took up her coat that was hanging there and went to the front door. "Well, all I can say is it serves you right."

"Wait, Mrs. Proctor. Don't . . ."

The door slammed. Mrs. Proctor was gone.

IF Major Peppitt had troubles before he'd bigger ones now. The accusation the housekeeper had just made set Rosella in a different light. Let her be as beautiful as she liked, or as well-shaped as she liked, or as prolific as she liked, if she couldn't cook she was nothing. In the major's book female qualities began in the kitchen.

However, there was always the possibility, forlorn though it might be, that Mrs. Proctor had let her temper rule her tongue. She'd been bitter against the girl: had that also made her untruthful, by any chance? There was one way to find out. (*Continued on page 76*)

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Eloquence Of Major Peppitt

When it came to diet Major Peppitt was a man of action. The following evening Ambrose Trotty and Rosella came to dinner. As soon as they arrived Major Peppitt was full of apologies. Mrs. Proctor, he was most distracted to announce, had been called away suddenly. That meant there'd be no dinner. Unless . . . He eyed Rosella. No. He couldn't think of it. It wouldn't be fair. She was there as his guest and . . .

Ambrose took the bait. Nonsense. Of course Rosella'd be only too glad to fill in. It'd give the major an opportunity of seeing what she could do.

The girl, a little less enthusiastic, allowed herself to be led to the kitchen and there introduced to the various fittings.

BACK in the living-room Ambrose, lighting a smelly black pipe, was in a confidential mood.

"The sooner the better, eh, Major?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"The sooner the two of you are married, that's what I mean."

"Oh. Well, after all——"

"I don't believe in long engagements."

"D-don't you?"

"So supposin' we set the date right here and now." Ambrose blew smoke towards the living-room ceiling.

The major fidgeted. "Yes, but what I mean is . . . well . . . actually nothing's been settled yet."

Ambrose stopped in the act of puffing. "You can't back out now!"

"I can't——?"

"Not after invitin' the girl to your house. Round these parts that's as good as settin' the date."

"What!"

"D'you mean you didn't know?"

"No! Why, all I had in mind was . . ." He stopped. He sniffed. His eyes widened. "Gas! Good lord, don't tell me she's been silly enough to . . ."

From the kitchen came a loud explosion.

Both ran to the hallway where they were met by a dishevelled and tearful Rosella.

"Rosie!" cried Ambrose.

"What happened?" said Major Peppitt, knowing full well.

"I d-d-don't k-know. A-all I did was light the oven and it b-blew up!"

"But how long," asked Major Peppitt, "after turning it on did you try to light it?"

Rosella blinked, blinked some more, and dissolved into tears.

Order was finally restored and Ambrose and the major returned to their conversation. It seemed to have lost its sparkle, however. Both seemed to be listening for sounds from the kitchen that might indicate things weren't going too well. None came, and finally dinner was announced as ready.

Two mouthfuls and Major Peppitt had to admit that Mrs. Proctor was right. Whatever abilities Rosella might have, cooking wasn't one of them. The meat was overdone, the vegetables were underdone, the sauce was strange, and the gravy was lumpy. Not even Ambrose, pretend as he might, could give the impression he was enjoying himself. When it came time to go no one put up any objection. The girl left behind a sink full of dirty dishes.

ALONE, Major Peppitt reviewed the position miserably. What a mess he'd got himself into! No housekeeper, no prospect of anyone to take her place, plus an involvement with a girl whose attraction for him had diminished irrevocably. Marriage to Rosella, he now saw, would last about a week. By that time, if he hadn't died of poisoning, he'd have wasted from starvation.

He was mixing himself a stomach powder when the doorbell rang. The caller was a young man with a shock of uncombed hair and a hangdog look whom the major vaguely recalled having seen somewhere. The visitor identified himself as Martin Baxter. He did odd jobs around the Trotty farm, it appeared. At great personal risk he'd brought Major Peppitt a note from Rosella because if Ambrose found out about it he, Martin, stood to have his head thumped.

The note read: "Dear Major Peppitt, I can't marry you. I don't love you. I love another." It was signed 'Rosella.'"

Was there an answer, Martin wanted to know, shifting uncomfortably.

"Ah . . . no." The major didn't think so. Martin took off like a startled rabbit.

The major re-read the note. "I don't love you. I love another." Of course the girl didn't love him. How could she? Rosella represented youth and the major, at least in Rosella's eyes, represented age. Willie was youth. It had to be Rosella and Willie. That fact was as inevitable as it was now obvious. It should never have been any other way from the start.

His eyes narrowed. A plan was beginning to form. A little daring, admittedly, but who stops to count the cost when true love is to be served?

Willie, when he sought him out, was slightly less enthusiastic. The plan spelled danger and Willie was no hero. Fellows have been shot climbing up ladders, he pointed out. There was nothing left for it but to resort to skulduggery: bribery, to be exact.

To show how anxious he was for Willie's and Rosella's happiness he was prepared to donate a wedding present of, say, two hundred pounds. Still Willie was doubtful. It didn't sound honest. Three hundred? No. Willie didn't think he could do it. Four hundred? The major didn't understand, Willie said: it wasn't the money, it was the righteousness of the thing. Five hundred? Make it six and Willie would do it. "Done!" The bargain was sealed.

The next step was to contact Rosella. As luck would have it, the first person encountered by the major on the outskirts of the Trotty farm was the loyal Martin Baxter. Could Martin be entrusted with a message for Rosella, a very important message that meant everything to her future happiness? Martin could. The message was written and the die was cast.

THE very same night Major Peppitt went to see Mrs. Proctor. Even at such an ungodly hour the housekeeper was glad to see him. In all honesty, she admitted, she'd been quite upset at having left the major, and not a little worried about him. With his assurance that marriage with Rosella was now out of the question she promptly packed a suitcase that, from the looks of it, had never been unpacked, and Major Peppitt once more had himself a housekeeper.

Before he went to sleep that night Major Peppitt addressed himself fervently: "Stomach, I hope you realize what a narrow escape you've had!"

He was sitting next morning reflecting smugly on the merits of the breakfast he'd just eaten when a violent thumping came to the front door. The thumper, none other than Ambrose Trotty, startled the wits out of Mrs. Proctor by rushing past her into the dining-room.

"Major," he gasped. "Major, I must talk to you!"

Major Peppitt looked innocent. "What is it, Ambrose?"

Ambrose collapsed on the nearest chair. "She's gone, major. Gone, I tell you!"

"Who?"

"Rosella! My daughter! The apple o' my eye, the flower o' my garden, the love o' my life! I'll never get over it, never!" He hung his head miserably.

The major stifled a smirk of satisfaction. "Oh, now, it can't be as bad as all that. Pour Ambrose a cup of tea, Mrs. Proctor."

"Tea!" Ambrose jumped to his feet. "How could I drink tea at a time like this?" He groaned. "When I got up this mornin' her room was empty and there was a note on her pillow. Gone! She an' that . . . that no good son of a scorpion Martin Baxter that I treated like my own flesh'n blood almost! Oh, when I think o'..." He blinked. "What's the matter, major? Aren't you feelin' well?"

It was a reasonable question in view of the expression on Major Peppitt's face. "M-Martin Baxter?" he managed to blurt out. "And not Willie Slowey?"

"What's Willie Slowey to do wi' it? She wouldn't spit on Willie Slowey! It was Martin Baxter and no one but Martin Baxter an' the whole thing goin' on under my nose an' me not even seein' it!" He groaned once more. "Och, och, this is a sad day."

The doorbell rang. Mrs. Proctor answered it and came back followed by two men. Major Peppitt stared. So did Ambrose.

So drunk that he had to prop himself against the wall Willie Slowey surveyed them glassily. The constable explained all about it. He'd been passing one of the village saloons when there was this awful commotion. Inside was Willie pounding the counter with his fist and ordering drinks for anybody that could hold them. Knowing that Willie never had two pennies to throw away, the constable thought he'd better investigate.

Of course, the constable hadn't believed Willie's story about the major having given Willie the money as a wedding present, for the simple reason the constable knew Willie wasn't married and didn't have any prospects of it either. Of course, even then the constable might not have thought anything if Willie hadn't come off with some crazy story about the major wanting him to elope with somebody because he (the major) didn't want her and seemed to be under the impression that he (Willie) did.

It's hard to know how long the constable might have gone on if a sort of gurgle hadn't come from the throat of Ambrose Trotty. Ambrose had his eyes fixed on the major. Unless Major Peppitt had something to say pretty soon, Ambrose announced, Ambrose might not be held accountable for his actions.

Another gurgle came, this time from Mrs. Proctor. In some fashion a toasting fork had appeared in her hand. With it she prodded Ambrose into a corner. Just who did he think he was, she demanded, that he thought he could go round threatening people in their own homes? What right had he to say who should marry and who shouldn't?

If Mrs. Proctor's memory served her correctly Ambrose himself had eloped with the girl who was to become Rosella's mother, so Rosella was only following his example. Why didn't he get some sense in his fat head? And so on. Prod, prod, prod. By the time she was finished any fight left in Ambrose was faint.

PEACE was eventually restored. Ambrose had ambled off quietly, mumbling something about forgiveness and inviting them all to the reception. The constable, having been convinced of Willie's innocence, departed also. Willie was induced to lie on the major's bed and sleep it off. All these people, however, were far from the major's thoughts.

For a long time he contemplated, then stirred. He called towards the kitchen: "Mrs. Proctor, would you come in a moment?"

The housekeeper appeared, plump and pleasing as usual, a quality that, oddly, he'd never quite noticed before.

"Yes, Major Peppitt?"

"Mrs. Proctor, if I may be so bold as to ask a personal question, how old are you?"

"I'll be thirty-seven next July, major."

Thirty-seven. That's what he'd guessed.

"As you know, Mrs. Proctor, I'm no longer obliged to marry Miss Trotty. However, I think I should like to marry. No man likes to feel unwanted or . . . unfruitful, shall we say?"

"I understand, Major."

"Would you marry me, Mrs. Proctor?"

"Very well, Major Peppitt."

He hesitated. A smile appeared on the housekeeper's lips.

"Was that all you wanted, Major?"

"Ah . . . why, yes . . . I believe so."

"If you don't mind, I just put a roast in the oven and I'm afraid of it burning."

She went out.

A remarkable woman, he thought.

From the kitchen came the sound of a woman humming. It was rather pleasant. Almost as much as the smell of whatever was cooking. But not quite. The roast, he was sure, had it beaten by a narrow margin.

END

My Hair Lacquer-Plus-Perfume: by *Raymond*

THE SECRET OF THE PERFUMED SET

My fabulous blend of lacquer and refreshing floral hair-perfume has for six years given to the coiffures of my clients the final firmness and a pervasive fragrance. Mine is the first Salon-created Hair Lacquer, and no other preparation can equal it. It is highly concentrated, so that a second's pressure on the button produces a superfine spray that gives your hair a wondrous sheen and a lovable perfume, and holds it in place for the rest of the day. One tin lasts for months, and will then still be as good as when you bought it. At Chemists and Stores or from the Salons, 12/6.

Salons de Coiffure: 18 Grafton Street, Mayfair, London (Mayfair 9847)
18 Albemarle Street, Mayfair, London (Hyde Park 6572)
39 Brompton Road, Knightsbridge, London (Knightsbridge 4411)
Bourne Court, Bournemouth (Bournemouth 6161)
and at James Howell's, Cardiff (Cardiff 31055)

Next month

Gwen Robyns

contributes a Motoring article

written specifically for

potential women car owners

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Don't let your hands make your shoulders jealous!

When you enjoy the refreshing feel of Cussons Apple Blossom hand cream—let your arms and shoulders share the pleasure too! It contains lanolin to replace natural oils, is rapidly absorbed, delightfully perfumed — and so good for the skin.

CUSSONS OF 84 BROOK ST, GROSVENOR SQUARE W1

Juanita Jones (*Continued from page 31*)

said nonchalantly. "I'm going to be a success!"

"I'm sure you are," said Juanita admiringly. "But what sort of success did you have in mind?"

"Well," said William, "just for the time being, I thought of selling some vacuum cleaners."

"Oh William!" said Juanita sincerely, "what a good idea! How clever you are."

And she wished a trifle ungratefully that her uncle had left her a little money as well as the cottage so that she could have had electricity, and a chance of buying a vacuum cleaner from William.

And then she thought of something else, and a small lump stuck in her throat.

"Will you ever be coming back?" she asked sadly. "I thought you liked living in the country."

"I do!" William assured her. "Of course I'll come back often and see you, and everybody, and as soon as I've made some money I should like to settle down in a place like this, and breed a few pigs or something. But one does need a bit of capital for that."

And he looked so valiant and impoverished that Juanita's heart bled for him, and she very nearly offered him a half share in Blossom.

He went away at milking time, and because he was really quite a kind-hearted young man, he noticed before he left that she wasn't quite as cheerful as usual, and so he promised to write and tell her how he was getting on.

Surprisingly enough, he kept his promise, and Juanita had three letters from him.

In the first, he said that he was missing her a great deal, that neither London nor the vacuum cleaners worked as well as one was led to expect from the advertisements, and that it was all rather depressing.

In the second, he said that things were looking up. He had sold two vacuum cleaners, and oddly enough one was to a girl who reminded him of Juanita, except that her name was Peggy, and she had black hair and a small flat and cooked like an angel.

In the third letter he said that Peggy loved the country, too, and he had told her such a lot about Juanita and Honeysuckle and Blossom and Cat that she wanted to come down and see them for herself, and could Juanita possibly make a cake for tea on Saturday?

NOW Juanita wasn't an unreasonable sort of girl, and what is more, she did know how to make a cake, but for all that, when the third letter arrived, she decided that the time had come to do a little hard thinking.

She took the only pencil in the house from the Toby jug on the mantelpiece, and curling her long legs round her chair she set to work on the back of William's envelope.

On the left-hand side she wrote "Credits," and on the right-hand side "Liabilities."

On the credit side she entered the cottage, her figure, Honeysuckle and Blossom.

The fact that she rated her figure less highly than the cottage showed that she really was a nice girl; and the fact that she rated it above the undeniable attractions of Honeysuckle and Blossom showed that although a simple, country girl, she was not unintelligent.

After further thought, and with considerable reluctance, she also entered Honeysuckle and Blossom on the liability side of the envelope. For whereas it was true that they added greatly to the charm of the cottage for William, it was also true that having them at all made it difficult for her to compete on anything like equal terms with a girl who had already bought a vacuum cleaner.

The decision was a hard one, but made much less painful by the fact that her father was a farmer. He gave her quite a good price for the two, and when he had paid her she wrote a nice note to William to say that she was very sorry, but she wouldn't be at home on Saturday. She intended to follow his example and come to London to make her fortune, and she would let him know how she got on.

Then she put Cat in a covered basket; locked up the cottage and hid the key, and took the first train to London in search of a small flat with electricity.

It didn't take her long to find just what she wanted at a price that she couldn't possibly afford to pay. It had electricity, and a wonderful big window with a view, and a fire escape which suited Cat right down to the ground.

Juanita furnished it with a few good pieces from the cottage; added a rug or two, striped curtains and a shelf of gay pottery, and settled down to find herself a job, so that she could afford to buy a vacuum cleaner.

LOOKING through the advertisements, she noticed that a certain Mr. T. Gilbert, who was an estate agent in one of the residential suburbs south of the river, was in need of a secretary, so she went to see him.

Mr. Gilbert was barely thirty, he was easy to look at and apparently he liked blondes, because when he said "Good morning, Miss-er-Jones, what can we do for you?" he said it with considerable enthusiasm.

"I wondered if you would like to sell my cottage?" Juanita said. And she told him where it was and showed him a photograph.

"It's very attractive," said Mr. Gilbert. "Why do you want to sell it?"

"Because I need the money," Juanita said frankly. "I've just taken a flat in town, and it may take me some time to find a job to go with it."

"What made you come to us?" he asked, smiling. "Why not go to your local firm, or one of the better-known London firms?"

Juanita looked surprised. "My father's a farmer," she explained, "and he taught me always to follow the market. The local people know the value of my cottage to a penny, but it's just the sort of romantic place that might appeal to somebody who was tired of suburban life and wanted to retire to the country."

Mr. Gilbert was so pleased with this reply, that after some delicate inquiries about Juanita's qualifications, he put both her and her cottage on his books, because he said he liked his secretary to use her brains, if she had any.

Juanita liked the job very much.

True, Mr. Gilbert, whose name was Tom, still had the cottage on his books, unsold, but now that she had a job Juanita did not mind very much about this. Sometimes she had a banana and a glass of milk for her supper, and sometimes she had dinner with Tom, and either way she was saving money.

One evening, before she had put quite enough money for a vacuum cleaner into the Toby jug which she had brought with her from the cottage, there was a ring at the door, and there was William, looking very pleased indeed to see her.

"Darling Juanita!" he said. "Why didn't you give me your address? I've been so worried about you! What are you doing?"

"I've got a job," said Juanita, backing hastily into the room.

William followed, and as he advanced he couldn't help seeing the striped curtains and the shelf of gay pottery and realizing that he need not have worried so much.

For some reason, this made him cross.

"You've got a job?" he asked, trying to look as if he was laughing and not annoyed. "What on earth sort of job have you got?"

"I'm an influential secretary!" said Juanita proudly.

William went red round the collar and ground his back teeth together in an awful attempt not to laugh. And then he looked at Juanita again and decided that it wasn't so funny after all. With her straight fair hair and a large emerald on her finger, it looked as if she might have considerable influence these days.

"Oh, Juanita," he said reproachfully. "I did think you'd wait. I was going to ask you to marry me!"

"Oh William," said Juanita, and she didn't even try to sound sorry. "I am glad you didn't! It would never have done, you know. I've discovered I don't like living in the country at all, and neither does Cat. Isn't it funny?"

William didn't think it was funny in the least. He had trusted Juanita to be there, waiting for him in the cottage. And now she wasn't, and he couldn't even try Peggy again, because her vacuum cleaner wasn't working very well.

"Aren't you ever going back?" he asked Juanita sadly.

"No," she said, considering the idea "No, I don't think so."

William thought for a moment.

"Then would you consider selling me the cottage?" he suggested hopefully.

"Yes," said Juanita, "certainly!"

And she named a figure that made William realize at last that she was not quite such a simple, country girl as he had thought.

But Tom Gilbert, of course, had known that for some time.

END

The Car World Is Our Oyster

(*Continued from page 37*)

With two fingers and no more energy than applying lipstick I lifted the front and rear wheels of a car eighteen inches in thirty seconds. Car bonnets, too, are counter balanced. Remember that awful fear that the bonnet would come crashing down and decapitate you and your new Easter hat?

Guess what advertisement sold more cars in America than any other? It was a picture of a dewy-eyed girl in a whimsical evening gown seated in a closed car while the snow tumbled down outside.

It's true that on balance we don't have *many* white winters in this country. But I do know that I am too much of a hothouse plant to want any car that is not heated. And it is the thousands more women like me who brought about a minor revolution in car heating. The average Englishman thinks there is something faintly immoral about admitting he is cold!

Even the interior furnishings in the new models prove that somewhere a woman's hand was at work. I like the make-up mirrors on the back of the sun visors in the passenger seats. Those new dashboards with sensible pigeon holes were made specially for us. Salesmen were sick of hearing women complain: "But darling of course it is nice outside, but I don't like the inside. There isn't enough room for my purse and odd things."

And those luggage boots. Even today the demand for more space in the luggage boot is one of the designer's chief headaches.

How many times I've discussed this little matter of comfort with my husband. What use is a new car to me if I can't pack in luggage for a holiday without being rationed to one suitcase?

I like all those new wide shelves too. Don't tell me that someone's wife didn't have a hand in deciding this one. In fact there is quite a lot about the new cars that appeals to me.

But what is interesting me more particularly at the moment is the cost of running a car. Few women, I think, particularly those who have never owned a car before have much idea of the financial side. I'm investigating facts and figures and hope to give you the result next month.

Meanwhile, Safe Driving. . . .

END

Here's **Piazza** the fabulous new cotton tweed woven exclusively for Hershelle. A fabric with warmth enough for cool spring days combined with that crispness — that sparkling light-heartedness which makes cotton first choice for summer.

Here's Piazza for a fitted coat. Pyramid buttons and an oblique line give you the flat-fronted look. In white on its own, or combined with tiny checks of grey, navy or beige. **15 gns**

Choose the same lovely style, if you'd rather, in worsted barathea. This time the deep pocket cuffs are relief embroidered. In pink ice, glacier blue, thunder grey, navy and black. Also at **15 gns**

For illustrated brochure and name of nearest stockist write to Dept 8, 25 Bruton Street, London, W.1

LONG LINE ♛ stylish elegant

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PERLON 0200 LT, the perfectly moulded "Strapless" in diaphanous PERLON Taffeta modelled in the fashionable and elegant LONG-LINE STYLE 34/11

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ELASTI-STEP-600 P, a most fashionable girdle in fine elastic fabric, with front panel of PERLON. Also with elastic cross-bands giving special flexibility and maximum comfort when walking 62/3

Look for the Triumph show card in the window

Next month

Michael Sherard

gives his personal views on the Fashion look for this Summer

Be sure you order the APRIL issue of Britannia and EVE

Sally And The Hand Of Fate (*Continued from page 44*)

gave her a chance to give them the personal slant on any of the senior people who happened to be passing. She called it "humanizing" the firm. One found a row of women's faces turned interestedly at one's approach, and from their coy expressions, one guessed what sort of a line young Sally had been shooting, and hurried on tripping over one's feet in embarrassment.

The tours finished with tea in the board room, a presentation gift of assorted products, and a little speech from a senior executive. At one time we were to take it in turns, but eventually the chief took it over himself. I found out why.

"I hear the chief goes over big with those parties of yours," I said, fishingly, to Miss Graham.

"So he should," she said, "the build-up I give him first."

"He's tickled pink," I said, "he tells me that sometimes they ask him for his autograph."

She smiled.

"I fix that, too," she said. "If they're sports I have a word with them. I tell them it will do me a bit of good if they ask him for his autograph. I've got hold of some old autograph books from my pals. I distribute them and collect them again afterwards. He never has a chance to look at them properly, of course. He usually signs in pencil, so it's easily rubbed out again. *Well*, it pleases him, doesn't it?"

I shook my head sadly.

"So young in years, so old in wiles," I said. "I suppose it goes with red hair."

EVERYTHING might have gone on swimmingly, if Sally had only kept to the "script" provided by the discreet young men of our advertising department; but knowing Sally, one might have guessed she wouldn't.

The chief sent for me one day.

"I've a letter here," he said, "from Frackerty's Famous Foods—" he sniffed, as he always does at the mention of their name—"signed by old Tim Frackerty himself. He says that at a recent visit to our factory a visitor happened to mention the products of his firm and our guide said—" he adjusted his glasses and read: "Oh, that stuff; we put better stuff than that in our pig bins."

"Gosh," I said, appalled. "We'll have to warn young Sally. We'll have an action on our hands before we know where we are."

"He demands her instant dismissal," said the chief. He breathed heavily. "I'll see him in Hades first. Because the child in her loyalty and enthusiasm speaks what we all know to be the truth. Let him bring his action. I'll fight it with every penny piece I have—sending his spies crawling round here."

I left him rampaging up and down, a portly Saint George, and went and found Sally. She wasn't a bit abashed, just dimpled.

"You haven't heard the best of it," she said complacently. "It was old Tim himself. I recognized him, although he'd got on an old cap and a muffler. So I just told him what I thought of his stuff. He looked as if he were going to burst a blood vessel."

"But supposing he brings an action," I worried.

"I shall just say I never said it," replied Miss Graham serenely, "and what judge would believe an old man like that instead of me."

I was telling old Robertson, our chief engineer, about it a week or so later and he shook a gloomy head.

"She'll be the death of us all," he said, "apart from the loss of production whilst all the men stand and gape at the red hair of her. The other day she had a man in the party, a young fellow, brainy-looking type. He asks her a technical question. Does she send for me to give him a proper answer? Oh, no, goes on making it up, the most appalling nonsense, with him fair goggling at her. Afterwards he says he knew our plant was extraordinary but he hadn't realized how unique it really was. Turns out he's a B.Sc., a member of the Institute, and Lord knows what. It will be in the technical press, I shouldn't wonder. We'll be laughed out of town."

But it wasn't; we heard about it from quite another direction; from our chief who has his own mysterious ways of getting information.

"It seems," he said to me, "that a young man was in one of the visiting parties the other day. I find he was a young scientist employed by Tim Flackerty—one of his backroom Bobbins——"

"Boffins," I corrected, nervously.

"I don't know his name," he said, irritably. "It may well be Boffin, as you say, but he was sent over to get details of our more secret processes. Had he met one of the engineering staff no doubt in misguided enthusiasm full details would have been poured out at him. As it was, Sal—Miss Graham, must have summed him up instantly. At the first probing question she was ready with an evasive reply. Instead of the information he was after he got the most arrant nonsense."

"How like Sally," I said.

Sir Robert nodded.

"Indeed, as you say, how like her. More and more I find that girl has more sense than the rest of the staff combined."

Later I told Sally. She listened and flared. I've never seen her so cross. It nearly made sparks shoot out of her red hair.

"Oh, the sneak," she stormed. "Coming prying round here, and I thought he was such a nice boy. In fact we'd arranged—but never mind. He needn't think he's going to get away with that. I'm going to find him and tell him just what I think of him. I know a girl who works at Frackerty's. I'll go to their next dance. Then Mr. Boffins had better watch out for himself."

I implored her to caution. She flourished her red hair at me like a banner.

"He'll be the caution when I've finished with him," she said.

A few days later she came in my office. She had a bunch of flowers pinned to her shoulder. She rolled her head round soulfully, sniffed at them and sighed.

"He gave me these," she said dreamily.

"Who," I asked.

"Boffins. I went to their dance last night. Oh, he's wonderful."

"I thought you went to tell him off."

"So I did, but he was so sorry. It's all that horrid old Tim Frackerty's fault. Richard had to come or lose his job. He explained everything."

"And you believed it," I said, sceptically.

"Every word," she assured me. "Afterwards we danced. I had to forgive him, he was so upset, poor lamb. He really doesn't know anything about anything."

"I thought he was a B.Sc.," I said.

"I mean about things that really matter. And so lonely. And no one has ever really understood him before."

"He seems to be doing very nicely in his own ignorant way," I commented.

"I've just *got* to look after him. We're going to another dance together on Thursday."

"Are you being unfaithful to me?" I questioned sternly.

"No," she said, anxiously, "not really. I love you but in a different way. You do understand, don't you?"

I nodded.

"You won't do anything rash, will you."

"I'll try not to," I promised and smiled.

"You're only just joking," she said, suddenly downcast, "You might try to show you care a bit. One day you'll really find a girl you care for, and then you won't find it funny."

And she went off quite soberly. I shall never understand women; even the most faithful of them seem to like to collect a few scalps to take with them on the way to the altar.

Her friendship with Doctor Richard Smithers—which was Boffin's real name—developed rapidly. Rumour had it they were always together. I was concerned.

"You want to be careful," I said, "if the chief finds you 'fratting' with one of the enemy you won't be his blue-eyed angel any longer."

She looked thoughtful.

"I know," she said, "I'm working on that. I'll have to do something about it."

She did. When I was with the chief some while later, the name of Frackerty came up and I prepared to put on my expected air of contempt.

"And what's wrong with Frackerty's Famous Foods," he said unexpectedly. "Whilst they cannot compare with our Pure Products, they are nevertheless extremely good of their type. Have you tried their latest biscuit? I thought not. It is left to a member of my staff—a junior member—to bring me along a bag of them bought with her own money. Do I ever get co-operation like that from my management?"

He brought out a paper bag.

"Try one," he commanded and we munched away solemnly together.

"IT has something," he commented finally. "Decidedly it has something. I hear that they have a very brilliant young scientist over there."

"Oh," I said.

"What do you mean 'Oh'," he said, "in that tone of voice."

"I'm surprised he's not working for us," I said, playing Sally's hand for her.

"He may be yet," he said, mysteriously. He took another biscuit. "This rivalry between two great companies is unnecessary and unproductive. They appeal to an older market, we to a younger. There is no reason why we should not work in harmony together."

He took another biscuit—the last.

"Does my sales research point this out to me?" he demanded. "It does not. A chance remark uttered in all innocence sets a train of thought moving in my mind which may have the most far-reaching consequences, so inexplicable are the workings of fate. I must hurry, I am lunching with Sir Timothy Frackerty."

And off he went, thoughtfully leaving me the empty bag to dispose of.

And that was how the famous amalgamation started, how McRabbett & Frackerty's Famous Pure Food Products were bestowed on the public, whilst the Stock Exchange went mad and shares soared to a height which made their lucky owners' eyes stand out of their heads to see.

At the height of the tumult, Sally came listlessly into my office.

"I'm done with him," she said, "Smithers—the Boffin. We're all washed up."

"Had a row?" I said. "What was it about?"

"I don't know," she said, "one doesn't need to have something to row about, if you just want to row. He's been chucking his weight about lately. I think he wants me to get it clear right now who's going to be boss. I thought it was time I made that clear to him as well. So we rowed. Of course I won, all along the line, but he's one of those men who doesn't realize when a woman's won."

I gazed at her.

"SALLY," I said at last. "Because of your passing fancy for this man the stock markets of the world have been stampeded, people have made fortunes overnight, the management and senior executive of two great companies are even now jockeying for positions, thousands of workers have been affected, and I—heaven help me—know the trivial cause which set all these mighty things in motion. I suppose," I said, wonderingly, "that behind everything momentous that has ever happened in this world has been some woman's love or hatred for some man."

"Of course," said Sally, "everybody knows that. And are you calling my love for Richard a trivial affair? It was mighty serious whilst it lasted, and don't kid yourself it's all over yet. If he liked to come round and explain properly, I'm not saying. . . . But he won't. He's such an obstinate brute, and I'd sooner die than make the first advance."

The telephone rang and I answered it.

"Oh, yes," I said, "send him up right away."

I turned to Sally.

"That is Doctor Smithers," I said, "come to see me about matters connected with the amalgamation. I find I am called away for half an hour or so."

"So am I," she said, scrambling up.

"As our official hostess," I said, "I expect you to receive our guest and to do everything in your power to make him happy. That, Miss Graham," I said, making for the door, "is an instruction."

"Oh, no," said Sally in a panic and suddenly for once looking her age.

I smiled back at her.

"Good luck, Sally, dear," I said.

END

Sherard's Eye View

(*Continued from page 45*)

But back to the nylon dress: This was, it seemed, the one dress in the world the lady wanted for her ball. Moreover she wanted it in a few days. So, instead of going to Caroline's christening, I stayed for her fitting and went on later for the party in the Oliver Messel suite at the Dorchester Hotel. The exciting Messel decoration of this suite with its view over Hyde Park has made it very popular for private parties which outgrow their givers' homes.

When I arrived the heroine of the day was receiving her guests happy and smiling in her mother's arms, radiant in the dress we had made and which I was seeing on her for the first time. Her first outing to London from her home at Roehampton was to have her measurements taken, but we had not bothered the little lady with a fitting.

I am no judge of babies but, whatever my prejudice may be about her christening dress, I thought her the most enchanting baby I had ever seen, and seemingly she enjoyed her christening until, suddenly, she fell asleep. Nicholas and Andrew Hawkins, her brothers, were sharing the honours of the day because they also had been christened. This triple event had happened because a busy film star like Jack Hawkins is away on location so much that there had never been a good opportunity for the christening of the boys, though their godparents have been long since appointed.

Nicholas has Bill O'Bryen, the theatrical agent, David Niven and Mrs. George Taylor as godparents; Andrew has Tyrone Power, Philip Astley and Margaret Johnston and Caroline's godparents are Al Parker, Colin Nesbitt, Elizabeth Allan and Elizabeth Green.

Talking with Elizabeth Allan and her husband—who is Bill O'Bryen—I was impressed with the radiance of her eyes and the gaiety which seems to shine from within as she talks.

In the same group was Phil Mitchell—a fair and *so* attractive person—the wife of Stephen Mitchell for whom I was then working on dresses for his new production of Michael Burn's play, *The Night Of The Ball*.

Few productions today are as lavish as this one. It was a special delight to me to design such glamorous clothes for the fair and rather fey Wendy Hiller; the soignée Gladys Cooper and piquant Jill Bennett. All three are so attractive in their different ways.

Loudon Sainthill's settings offered a challenge to me in their wit and subtle relationship with the mood of the play and I enjoyed designing clothes which are, as I hope, an extenuation of his ideas.

Smog closed in on London on the morning of the First Night and there was much concern for the attendance but when the moment arrived a brilliant audience had turned out. Lovely Mary Burn, the author's wife, was wearing an evening coat, wide collared and bell sleeved, of citron satin lined with amethyst organza which, as I knew, had a rather pleasant story attaching to it.

Just before Christmas Eve, Michael Burn came to me and said: "Will you put a note for Mary in a pretty envelope to say that she may have some clothes from you after Christmas. I'll write on the envelope and give it to her with my other presents."

When she chose the evening coat which she wore at her husband's first First Night, Mary Burn followed the example of the ladies in the play. For Gladys Cooper I had made a coat in shot flame and apricot organza with huge bishop sleeves. Wendy Hiller had one in cyclamen pink taffeta.

I wonder if this may lead to a revival of the evening coat? I hope so. I am thankful to see the beginning of the end of the—to me—horrid existentialist craze for wearing tweeds to the Opera. Times change and one must accept change but one thinks nostalgically of those evenings at Covent Garden or one of the Continental opera houses before the war, when the exquisite toilettes of the women and the matchless elegance of the men made them unforgettable occasions.

But all these nostalgic thoughts of old lace, "constellation people" and past elegance are a digression from the very present and practical business of putting on the Spring and Summer Collections.

In my house the summer colours may give you a clue to the look of summer. They are comfit-box, vanilla fudge, chocolate fudge, crystallized roses and violets, and gay dragées. I am showing long evening dresses, diaphanous robes, the sparkle of jewels, reed-slim day dresses and billowing, beetle-wing taffeta raincoats for Ascot. There is sugar almond nylon gauze, fine as cobweb. Strings of pearls and beads wound round your throat, your waist, even your tiny hat.

The only clouds that threaten to darken a gay and pastel summer scene may be rain clouds—but perhaps they are weary from overwork. I hope so.

END

Helena Rubinstein tells her own personal beauty story

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If in doubt, visit our London salon. Or ask our trained consultants at your favourite store. They will be glad to advise you. Helena Rubinstein, 3 Grafton St, London, W.1, Paris, New York.

The Fair Maid Of Perth (*Continued from page 50*)

combat with the Clan Chattan Conachar would be the only man to come off the field without injury. And so, it was argued, his presence was necessary to ensure victory, and Conachar was joyfully received by the clansmen as the heir and descendant of their chief.

The Glover added that although he would be well received by Gilchrist MacIan, yet he was afraid to let Catherine accompany him, remembering the many looks Conachar had cast in her direction. But Charteris reassured him, promising a place for Catherine in the retinue of the Duchess of Rothsay at Falkland, under whose protection she would have absolute safety. And so they approached Kinfauns.

The Glover set off immediately in a north-westerly direction, "where the path was to be traced among wastes and mountains, now ascending the precipitous ravines, now plunging into inextricable bogs, and often intersected with large brooks, and even rivers." In due time he arrived in the Quhele country at the cottage of Neil Booshalloch, an old acquaintance, who promised him refuge. Booshalloch greeted his friend with the news that Gilchrist MacIan was dead, and Conachar now the chieftain.

To the celebrations of the inauguration of the new chief the Glover had been invited, and thither made his way the next day in the company of Neil Booshalloch. Lavish preparations had been made for the banquet and entertainment—at a distance were to be seen piles of glowing charcoal or blazing wood, around which countless cooks toiled, bustled and fretted, like so many demons working in their native element. Long tables were laid out in the open air, and the Glover and Booschalloch seated themselves. Simon witnessed with some amazement the elevation of his former apprentice to chieftainship of the tribe, the guests raising a yelling shout to testify their acceptance of the chief who claimed their allegiance. It was approaching sunset when the feast came to an end, and Simon retired for the night, wearied by the noise of the day.

AS the days passed and the fatal Palm Sunday of the battle approached, the Glover's leisure was spent pleasantly enough. In his daily walks Simon tried to avoid meeting the young chief, but finding himself one day unexpectedly in his close neighbourhood he hid himself in sudden alarm in a bush of hazel, and thus concealed witnessed the scene before him.

For Conachar had dashed from the thicket accompanied by his foster-father, Torquil of the Oak, and believing themselves to be alone he confessed to Torquil a shameful secret: he was a coward, and he could not face the impending battle. Torquil would not believe him, and insisted that a spell had been cast upon him, and with this the two returned to their hunting.

Meanwhile the heedless Rothsay longed for the company of his old favourite Ramorny, and sent him a summons. Ramorny saw that at last his opportunity had come; his bargain with Albany was sure, and together with Dwining he waited on the Prince.

Ramorny informed Rothsay that his Duchess had recently left Falkland Castle, but the Fair Maid of Perth was in ignorance of this and would in all probability be at that moment on her way to the castle to join the Duchess's retinue. "At Falkland sits in solitude the fairest wench in Scotland," said Ramorny, and, thus persuaded, Rothsay agreed to go. Stepping into a boat with Dwining and Ramorny he passed swiftly down the river.

Catherine arrived at Falkland the next day, to find herself at the mercy of the dissolute Prince, but so successfully did she appeal to his honour that Rothsay, whose virtuous feelings were easily excited, was affected by the enthusiasm with which she spoke and begged her forgiveness. He entrusted her to the care of a glee-maiden, who had followed the royal fortunes from Perth.

The next morning it was announced that the Prince was taken ill of an infectious disorder; and to prevent the ill spreading no one was to wait on him save Ramorny and the physician Dwining. For Rothsay's last hours had come, in accordance with his ambitious uncle's plans. He was conveyed by means of a secret staircase down to the deepest dungeon and there left to the ministrations of Bonthron.

Some days later, on her daily walk, the glee-maiden heard from a small hole in the castle wall the Prince's voice crying for food. Hastily summoning Catherine she seized some small morsels and they hurried to the castle wall. They endeavoured to pass them through to Rothsay but he could eat little, and Catherine was determined to get help. And so in the middle of the night the glee-maiden slipped away from the castle, to Douglas, who was their nearest aid.

The next day Catherine went again to take food and was there discovered by Ramorny, who told her that the Prince was dead. "You have thrust yourself, Catherine, into a bloody secret. Have you the firmness to keep it?" He ordered her to follow him to the battlements of the castle, and there threatened to throw her into the courtyard below if she did not promise to keep silent as to the manner of Rothsay's death.

But the clash of armour in the courtyard below announced that help had come, and Douglas himself appeared on the battlements with a few of his followers. Ramorny and Dwining were taken into custody, and together with Bonthron, convicted of the Prince's murder. With little ceremony they were dragged off to the battlements and there hanged.

Palm Sunday now dawned, and the champions of each clan paraded through the streets of Perth. Clan Chattan, upon entering the field of combat and finding themselves one short, offered a gold crown to any citizen who would provide substitute. Seeing the chance of meeting Conachar, who he believed to be a rival in Catherine's affections, in mortal combat, Henry volunteered. "The trumpets of the King sounded a charge, the bagpipes blew up their screaming and maddening notes, and the combatants, starting forward in regular order, and increasing their pace till they came to a smart run, met together in the centre of the ground, as a furious land torrent encounters an advancing tide. . . . Blood flowed fast, and the groans of those who fell began to mingle with the cries of those who fought." Surrounded by his foster-brothers for protection Conachar fought with spirit enough until, with the field littered with the dead and dying, he came face to face with the Smith. What little courage he had deserted him, and he plunged into the Tay and swam across the river.

NOT a man of the Clan Quhele survived the bloody combat except the fugitive chief, and the consequence of this disastrous defeat was the dissolution of their confederacy. The Clan Chattan, on the other hand, continued to increase and flourish. After the battle Albany hesitatingly revealed to the king the story of Rothsay's death, which news he had received from Douglas. Realizing that his brother had had a hand in this tragic affair, the broken-hearted sovereign forbade Albany on the pain of death to approach his younger child, James. And the unhappy and aged monarch secluded himself in his castle of Rothsay, there to mourn over the son he had lost and watch with feverish anxiety over the life of him who remained.

Catherine had been placed under the protection of the Duchess of Rothsay, at a religious house near Perth. As she walked in the garden in the evening of this fateful Palm Sunday she was startled by the sudden appearance of Conachar, haggard and highly excited. Confessing to her his cowardice in broken words, he dashed himself to his death over the precipice and into the raging cataract below. When that evening the Smith and Glover came to her she was ill of a fever, in consequence of the scenes which she had witnessed, and particularly the catastrophe of her late playmate.

The names of the Glover and his daughter were withdrawn from the list of heretics, and Henry and Catherine were married within four months after the battle. And "never did the corporations of the glovers and hammermen trip their sword-dance so featly as at the wedding of the boldest burgess and brightest maiden in Perth."

END

They Need No Coat

(*Continued from page 53*)

FRENCH SAILOR STRIPE

THE SLEEVES (both alike)

With No. 13 needles and main colour, cast on 82 sts.

Work ¾-in. in k. 1, p. 1 rib.

Change to No. 11 needles and st.st.—Work 8 rows.

Inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and then every following 8th row until there are 106 sts.

Work without further shaping until sleeve measures 12 ins. from cast-on edge, ending with a p. row.

Shape the Top.—Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows.

Dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and then every alternate row until there are 54 sts. left, and then 1 st. at each end of every row until there are 30 sts. left. Cast off.

THE RIBBED BORDERS

Using a narrow backstitch, sew both shoulder seams.

Now with No. 13 needles and main colour, and with right side of work towards you, k. up 1 st. per row along inside edge of right side of front, and then k. up 22 sts. to centre of back of neck.

Work 1½ ins. in k. 1, p. 1, rib. Cast off in rib.

Work left side the same but commencing at centre of back of neck.

TO MAKE UP

Fold front neck facing on to wrong side at hemline and sl. st. Sew left and right sides of front to the shaped edges of centre part along the picked up edges of ribbed borders. Sew side seams, sewing in the narrow edges of ribbed borders above the welt.

Join ribbing at back of neck. Sew sleeve seams and set in sleeves. Press.

RED INDIAN FRINGE

TO MAKE UP

Join sides, sleeves, and parts of sleeves and bodice.

Press all seams under a damp cloth and warm iron.

Turn up the first 2 ins. of sleeves for the cuff.

Turn down the ribbing at neck for collar.

Tack zip into front, and st. securely, about ¼-in. from front edge either side. Sew two hooks and bars on underneath of fronts of collar to fasten closely.

Take the white wool and cut 6-in. lengths for the fringe, then slip two 6-in. lengths through every st. around neck ribbing and knot.

Press lightly and trim if necessary.

END

Goodnight Story

(*Continued from page* 46)

Cutting.—Cut along double material D to D. Cut up from D to F to H either side. Cut from H to G both sides. Curve out a little material either side F to D.

Cut up C to A, top half only of material, for front opening. Cut a line along fold 2 ins. either side of A. Cut from I to J each side for neck shaping.

Sewing.—With wrong side of cloth outside machine together underarm seams H-F-D. Take full-inch turnings. Trim with pinking shears, then press seams open. On right side of material turn over a ½-in. single hem all round bottom edge; tack, then herring-bone.

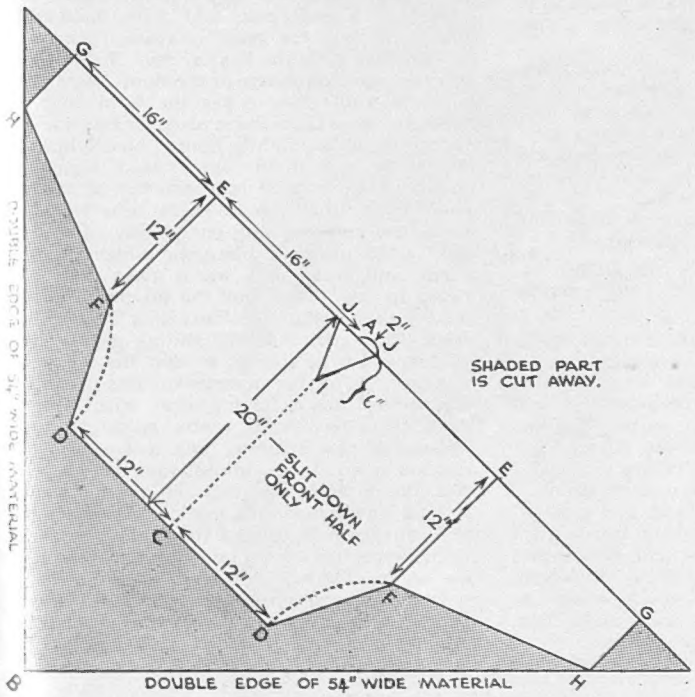
N.B.—Remember you are working on bias-cut material, so on all edges pull slightly as you tack to prevent stretching. This is important.

Make a similar ½-in. single hem round fronts and back of neck. Work a ¼-in. hem in the same way round cuffs, but on to wrong side of cloth.

Make 1-in. pleats round bottom edge, four evenly across back, and two on either front. Stitch these firmly back and front.

Pin welt carefully and evenly all round, along cast-off edge, so that it covers herring-bone. See that buttonholes are on the correct side. Sew on carefully, and as invisibly as possible. Turn work over and catch bottom of hem to knitting all round. Do not drag thread tightly, to allow plenty of "give."

Sew on buttons to match loops. Make two ties for neck opening. Cut two strips, each 18 ins. long by ¾ in. wide from selvedge edges



of remaining material. With left thumb and forefinger roll down cut edge on to selvedge, thus making a tight tube. Stitch along selvedge, catching rest of the roll as you go.

Flatten out one end of each and stitch to either side at base of neck shaping on top of hem. Knot other ends as a finish.

Measure 12 ins. up from one end of wide trimming. Line the next 22 ins. with a strip of material. Use a selvedge edge for one long side; there is no need to turn in the other as it will not show. Now pin trimming carefully round fronts and back of neck—flat up fronts and so that it stands up round shaped front and back of neck, with selvedge side of lining at top.

Stitch firmly round edges, then make a line of running stitches on inside of work to catch down outer edge of fur either side as far as neck shapings.

Finish off cuffs by taking four ½-in. pleats evenly all round, about 2½ ins. up from edge. Sew narrow trimming over pleats all round cuffs.

END

Twelve Hours To Beautify

(*Continued from page* 55)

There are special body slant boards, but you can rig one up for yourself by resting the ironing board on a footstool or pile of books with the foot end about twelve or fifteen inches from the ground.

So much for the health side of the rest cure. The beauty reviver consists of a facial and a beauty bath, although you will probably think this a good opportunity to give yourself a manicure, a scalp friction or some other special treatment you are particularly in need of.

At bath time, whether you take it in the morning, or at night, you can do an all-over check-up. Dingy shoulders and backs can be treated to a deep cleanse and stimulating friction, discoloured necks to a bleaching treatment, leathery elbows and ankles can be softened with body lotion.

(*Continued on page* 84)

We all like St. Ivel

As a matter of fact we more than *LIKE* St. Ivel we love it—baby as well—and so far as I am concerned anything *ALL* the family like is top priority with me.
Another thing is that I look forward to my break during the morning with St. Ivel and a biscuit, I feel it does me good.

I like St. Ivel because I *do* like a good cheese. It's always the same, it never varies, and you really feel that you've had a decent piece of cheese.

I like St. Ivel on biscuits, on bread, in sandwiches, anyhow — it's so lovely and creamy and the taste—Oh boy!

Baby knows what tastes nice too!

All good grocers SELL ST. IVEL in popular size packets at 10½d.

Me too!

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Harriet Hubbard Ayer preparations are, for the time being, obtainable only at Selfridges of Oxford Street, London. There is a trial size "Strawberry Treatment," sufficient for at least nine applications for one guinea, which you could order from them by post.

If these twelve hours of beautifying are enjoyable ones, results will be all the better. Listen to the radio, plan your next holiday, or anything that keeps you pleasantly preoccupied, but don't read a thriller or do anything that makes demands upon your nervous energy. Just relax and enjoy the agreeable prospect of looking all the better tomorrow.

If it seems to you that a day spent entirely on yourself is unwarranted self-indulgence, consider what Gayelord Hauser has to say on the subject in his book *Look Younger, Live Longer*. He recommends every busy person to take a one day rest cure, not once a year, but once a week. "Years ago," he says, "I searched for a way to make up for our dietetic carelessness and other carelessness, such as lack of sleep, lack of relaxation, and I came to the conclusion that the best way was to declare one day out of every week a health holiday, a rest cure." To this list of systemic deficiencies, add lack of sunshine as another argument for taking a day off in order to set yourself up to face the spring. "Everybody knows," he continues, "that after a day of rest, both body and spirit are lighter and brighter, and for that reason yearly vacations have become a national habit; but two weeks or even a month every year is not enough in these days of 'high tension' living. Why wait until you are so exhausted that you cannot relax and let go on your vacation? There is good scientific reasoning that smaller and more frequent meals are better for busy people, and over a period of thirty years I have become convinced that short and more frequent rest periods are health-giving and prolong our youthfulness."

Twelve Hours To Beautify

Cookery (*Continued from page 56*)

should double its bulk in about 1½ hours.

Now turn it out on to a floured board, knead it lightly till smooth (and don't be dismayed it if shrinks during this process, as it will do). Warm, grease and lightly flour your tins or baking sheets, and cut the dough, with a warmed knife, into suitable sized pieces. If you are using loaf tins, see that they are three-quarters filled.

Put the filled tins in a warm place for about a quarter of an hour, during which time the dough will rise again and almost reach the top of the tins. Then place the loaves in a hot oven (450°) for fifteen minutes, reducing the heat to 380° so as to cook the bread through. It should take about ¾ hour in all. When the bread is cooked and golden brown, remove the loaves from the tins and cool on racks. The bread should sound hollow when rapped sharply with the knuckles on the bottom. This quantity will make two large loaves.

Wholemeal Bread needs the addition of a little fat and rather more liquid. I use two ounces of lard to 3½ lb. flour, and about two pints of liquid. Wholemeal bread also takes slightly longer to cook, as the flour is coarser.

A crisp hot **Brioche,** with fresh butter and good coffee, is a feast for the gods. Here is the recipe :

1 lb. flour; 6 oz. butter or margarine; ½ oz. yeast; ½ teaspoon sugar; 3 eggs; ¼ pint lukewarm water; 1 teaspoon salt.

Liquefy the yeast and sugar by creaming together, then mix in the warm water. Add a quarter of the flour. Cover this mixture with a teacloth and stand in a warm place for an hour. Now melt the butter and whisk the eggs. Warm your basin, sift the remaining flour and salt into it, and make a well in the centre, into which you pour the eggs and melted butter. Work together with a wooden spoon until all is smooth. Spread this dough on a floured board and pour on the spongy yeast mixture.

Mix thoroughly with the hand, replace in the basin, and set to rise for an hour in a warm place. Dust some tartlet tins with flour. Knead the dough, then shape it into twelve large and twelve small rounds, the smaller ones being about a quarter the size of the larger. Place the larger rounds in the tins, moisten the tops, and press the smaller ones on to them. Each brioche should look like a miniature cottage loaf.

Place in a warm place for fifteen minutes to prove, then brush the tops with beaten egg, and bake in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes.

Fruit Loaf

1 lb. flour; ½ teaspoon salt; ¾ oz. yeast; 4 oz. butter or margarine; 2 oz. currants; 2 oz. sultanas; 1 oz. cut peel; ¼ teaspoon nutmeg (or cinnamon, if you prefer it); 4 oz. sugar; ½ pint lukewarm milk and water mixed.

Warm the basin and the flour, rub in the butter and add the salt. Cream the yeast with the sugar, beat the egg, mix yeast and egg into the warm liquid, then make a well in the flour and mix well with a wooden spoon until all is blended. Cover and allow to rise in a warm place for 1¼ hours.

Now beat in the fruit and spice very thoroughly, grease two loaf tins and pour in the mixture. Put in a warm place for half an hour to prove. Then place in a warm oven (400°) for fifteen minutes, before reducing the heat to 390° for another half an hour. Turn out and cool on a wire rack.

Sally-Lunns are old-fashioned favourites and are easy to make. You will need :

½ lb. flour; ½ oz. yeast; 2 oz. butter or margarine; 1 gill warm milk; 1 egg; pinch of salt.

Sieve the flour and salt and place in a warm bowl. Cream the yeast with a pinch of sugar and a little tepid milk. Make a well in the flour and pour in the creamed yeast mixture and half the milk. Put in a warm place for twenty minutes. Then add the beaten egg and the melted butter, mix to a soft dough, adding a little more warm milk if needed. Beat well, replace in the bowl and put to rise for one hour. Knead lightly, grease two equal sized round cake tins and divide the mixture between them. Allow to rise again for twenty minutes, brush the tops with a little beaten egg and bake in a really hot oven (480°) for about twenty minutes.

And finally here is a Cornish favourite :—

Saffron Cake.

¾ lb. flour; ½ lb. currants; ½ lb. butter or margarine; ¼ lb. cut peel; 1 oz. yeast; 1 small teaspoon sugar; ¼ teaspoon saffron; less than ½ pint cold water; good pinch of salt.

Grease and flour an oblong cake tin. Put the saffron and water in a bowl and stand it in a pan of boiling water. When the saffron water is lukewarm it is ready. Mix the yeast and sugar together, and when it has liquefied pour the saffron water on to it. Stir this mixture into the flour, cover with a cloth and set to rise in a warm place. It will take about twenty-five minutes, and should be about three times its original size. Add the melted butter gradually, beating till smooth. Now stir in the currants, the peel and the salt. Cover the mixture and place to rise for one hour. Turn the dough on to a floured board, and knead very lightly till it is quite smooth and without cracks. Place the dough into the prepared tin and prove it for twenty minutes. Bake in a moderately hot oven for about one hour. It is dark golden when ready. Cool on a wire rack.

No article about yeast is complete without a recipe for *doughnuts* (and I'm sure you are all dying to know how the jam gets into the middle !) You will need :

¾ lb. flour; pinch of salt; 1 teaspoon caster sugar; ¾ oz. yeast; 1 oz. butter; 1 egg; 1½ gills milk; jam; deep fat for frying

Mix flour and salt together, make a hollow in the centre. Mix yeast and sugar together in a small basin till they liquefy. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add milk, heat till lukewarm, add the yeast mixture, then mix all together with the beaten egg. Strain this mixture into the centre of the flour. Beat the mixture well. Now cover the bowl with a cloth and stand in a warm place for two hours, then turn on to a lightly floured board, knead it lightly and divide into about eighteen pieces. Drop a little jam into the centre of each piece, then make them into smooth balls, covering the jam completely. Lightly flour a baking-sheet, place the doughnuts on them, and stand in a warm place till they begin to rise. Then put the fat on to heat. You can use lard or oil. Heat till a thin smoke rises, then cook the doughnuts gently till golden, a few at a time, so that the fat does not cool. Allow ten minutes for this cooking. Meantime, line a baking-sheet with paper, thickly dredged with caster sugar with a flavouring of cinnamon (one teaspoonful of cinnamon to three tablespoons of sugar). Roll the doughnuts in this and allow to cool.

And I'm sure it will rejoice the hearts of the younger members of the family to learn that doughnuts should be eaten the day they are made. They do not keep.

One last word : yeast mixtures are delicate plants, and literally shrink from draughts. Indulge this foible of theirs; you will find it well worth while.

END

The Long And The Short Of It

(*Continued from page 26*)

The edges of the pleated nylon can be shell hemmed.

The full-length nightie takes 4¾ yards of 36-in. material.

Cut the pattern making shoulder-to-hem length equal to your shoulder-to-floor measurement, which will allow an inch for seams. The sleeves are two straight pieces 27 ins. long by 24 ins. wide which can be cut from the remaining material.

Making up is the same as for the shortie version, except for the sleeves, which are eased into the armhole, with the fullness towards the top. A strip sewn on the outside of the fabric 3 ins. from the sleeve edge takes an elastic, and the wrist frill can either be trimmed with frilled lace edging or shell hemmed.

The low armhole seam and neckline in the illustration are trimmed with lace and a ribbon or a self-material tie gathers in the fullness at the waist.

END

1.3.55

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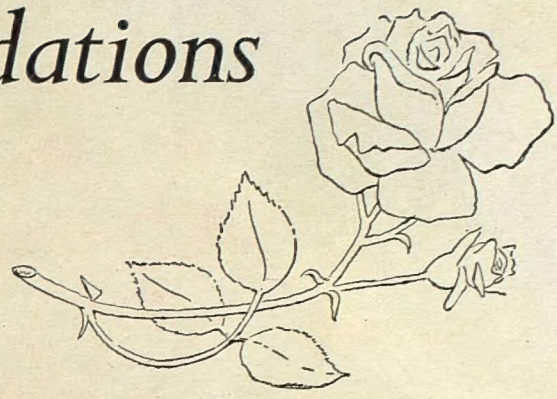

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